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## RETROSPECTIVE.

THE resolutions which most people make to mend their ways on the commencement of a new year are repeated in politics by the papers in their annual epitome of events. It is curious to note the different reasons assigned for hopefulness or despair by those journals. One regards Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby as unmitigated blessings, as the special representatives of Providence, who in their own good time will bring about the millennium; another indicates the degradation of principle in the country by referring to the position of those statesmen. This plan is indeed the only one left to journalism, which becomes wedded for better or for worse to party connections. The season, however, is one in which things ought to be reviewed in another spirit. Men have done their work for the year; measures have been passed to which we are now committed. So much history has been made, and we must abide by it. Looking back upon the past, we are almost tempted to believe in the fatalistic doctrine that the world, do what we will, comes round to its old bad habits in completing a circle. Despite our efforts for good, we cannot congratulate ourselves upon any large measures of success. The most we can say is that we know more because we have lived longer. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, wisely eschewing those dreary recitals with which most of our contemporaries inflicted their readers, published a bold and thoughtful article on the position which it supposes we occupy at this moment. The picture seems to us, however, to be a little rose-coloured. It is compelled to admit that we have been more fortunate in our intentions than in our acts; that we have arrived at the sense of perceiving evils, and have, to some extent, registered our decision to eradicate them; but it concludes that we have mastered none. There are lions in our path at every turn. We have difficulties in politics, perplexities in religion, confusion in art. Socially, we cannot be said to be well off. Commercially, we could scarcely be worse off, if we take into account that commercial morality has begun to disappear as completely as the belief in that typical personage, the honest British merchant. A mean basis of expediency forms the shaky groundwork of all our institutions. This basis is the result of a profound and perilous cynicism which is not confined to any department in which we live and move. Statesmen surrender their pledges and the doctrines in which their reputations were to rest with a demoralizing haste which proves that those pledges and doctrines were only put forward to be used as the stepping-stones to notoriety and position. We have worshipped success until we have burned upon the altar that which makes success permanent and graceful. A nation like ours can never remain comfortable without a conscience; and when disasters ensue, as they did ensue during the great monetary crisis, we begin to long for virtue again. The distich, representing the feelings of the devil when he was well and when he was ill, sufficiently describes our case, and until we can readjust our morals, we cannot expect our practices to be exemplary except through policy or by accident. We are free to do this—freer to do so than any other nation upon the earth. Our interests are concentrated, and so close that each man can see his own and that of his neighbours. We are not as a bundle of Continental States with different nationalities or varied Governments trying to wriggle themselves into a joint

whole, like a worm cut into pieces. Germany, America, or Italy may excuse themselves from social backwardness by pointing to the contending separate forces scattered over wide ranges which require cohesion, and may demonstrate that before we ask them to display good domestic government we must permit them to clear off the primary natural obstructions to sound existence. But we should have no such excuse. We are drawn together near enough to obtain at any moment a view, at a glance, of our position. And what is the fact? At this time there is no country, no matter how embarrassed or how poor, in which there is so much pressing and painful poverty, so much vice, so much misery as in England. We have failed with our lower classes to such an extent that in the country we find some of them working like cattle, fed and housed worse than cattle, while in the towns, we do not know what to do with them until they are ripe for dropping into the seething pool of vice and crime. With all our wealth, and England is a wealthy country, we have not succeeded in distributing happiness or content in the proportion of which we could be proud. We find massed against us a gloomy and threatening spirit of insubordination, and a gathering of ominous elements, from which voices are heard, that having broken down in our task we should give it up to those who will change all things. Criticism is no longer a function limited to one class. Our future masters begin to take stock and value of us.

In that social life in which most of us are concerned, which may be placed above the reach of sordid wants, can we congratulate ourselves upon a distinct advance? Around us on all sides we learn of families living upon fictitious incomes, we find a rate of increase in the taste for luxuries so incommensurate with the means for getting them honestly, that people satisfy the craving with a recklessness which brings ruin upon them. Comfort is a word the meaning of which is beginning to disappear. Every one desires to be rich, and those who are not rich keep up the pretence until the wolf is at the door. We do not believe that young ladies at the present day are much more extravagant than they were, or more importunate for husbands, but unquestionably we have educated them to a pitch of common sense which precludes a notion of romance or fine feeling. We have provided for their reading, novels in which passion is heated to delirious excess. We encourage them in costumes of which there is sometimes so little that the less said about it the better. Above all, we present them with constant examples of selfishness, of irreligion (for infidelity is fashionable), and of unrestrained thinking—a young girl of sixteen being now permitted to read everything that falls in her way, and to talk about it. Are we wiser with our children? We hear constant complaints that children are likely to disappear with the fairies, and but for the publishers we would almost believe that a real child was not to be found. The swiftness and clamour of the age reaches them too early, and destroys the winning beauty and favour of a time which never repeats itself.

If politics could be made a science, we might legislate without confusion, or without that uncertainty which requires so many feints and dodges to escape contingencies that, after a while, we have to reconsider matters over again, and so on until we are left with an alternative of leaping into the dark, or stopping short at some terrifying crisis. As it is, we are not only to some extent at the mercy of circumstances, but are dependent



through our own weakness upon the dexterity of an individual statesman, who does not conceal that his method of dealing with us is by yielding to forces which he neither cares to gauge nor to oppose, but to which he gives us over as a propitiatory sacrifice. In commerce, having discarded the now old-fashioned safeguards of probity, having removed disgrace from bankruptcy, and rendered the process of going through the Court as much a necessity of City education as the grand tour was formerly to the heir of a house, we reap the consequences in disorders of all kinds, windings-up, failures, want of credit, and stagnation of funds.

A narrow scepticism pervades literature. Theories as to its purity and exaltation are not only decided by slovenly or ignorant critics, but by critics who estimate a book as a betting-man would a racer, by its chances of winning. Art is degraded by a similar standard. The pictures that bring crowds to gape at them are, by that fact, placed above works in which, instead of a gross, fleshy realism being exhibited by a pictorial showman, some delicate fancy has been put into shape, or some hidden or half-veiled beauty of nature has been caught and imprinted for ever for our delight and instruction. Music alone,—the popularity which good music enjoys in this country, redeems it from sweeping reproach on artistic ground. If we could only reach the heights represented by the feeling and taste with which crowds listen to the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, if we could only attain a corresponding nobility of action in the common affairs of the world to the emotional dignity and consciousness necessary for the enjoyment of those majestic creations, we should not have to deplore the existence amongst us of so much moral weakness and inefficiency. The Greeks were instructed by their theatres. We cannot expect much from ours. Why does not Mr. Arnold write his opinion upon our modern plays? They are representative of our Philistinism. They leave nothing for the poet to do, and a great deal for the carpenter and the women with shapely legs. Managers have discarded dramatic principles as completely as Mr. Disraeli has discarded political moralities. Both have yielded with what grace they could to the form and pressure of the age, and both with equal regrets for what they severally relinquished. What this year is to bring us in the way of change we shall not here attempt to surmise, but any of our readers may consult either the newspapers on the subject, or the prophetic almanacs, which are just as trustworthy, and possess the advantage of being illustrated.

#### FENIAN MOVEMENTS.

**EXPIRING** in a dark and smouldering cloud of Fenianism, the Old Year has handed over to the New a legacy of trouble, bitterness, and danger, the limits and duration of which it would be impossible to forecast. In the early part of 1867, when rumours were disseminated of a Fenian design on Chester Castle, many persons disbelieved the story, and laughed at the fears of those in authority, who did in fact save the city and the nation from a signal misfortune and disgrace. We now know, on evidence which has come out in connection with the late Fenian doings in London, that the design in question was no figment hatched in the brain of an alarmed mayor or a bewildered chief of police, but an actual plan, which only failed of accomplishment because the local officials and the Government were prompt in their action and efficient in their preparations. It is by no means certain that the September catastrophe at Manchester was not a good thing, since it put an end to that excessive confidence which was in itself no small danger to the country, and one of the greatest encouragements to the disaffected. We do not laugh at Fenianism now, and it is as well that we should not. We do not ridicule persons in authority for elaborating defences against mishap; we perhaps go to the other extreme, and observe unnecessary caution. It is now clearly perceived that Irish discontent has taken the form of a vast, dark conspiracy, often simply spiteful and contemptible in its manifestations, yet capable of striking very serious blows, and possessing a definite political programme, which thousands of desperate men are ready to support at any risk to their own lives which failure may carry with it. This is a power that we cannot trifle with, and against which it is imperative that we should be constantly on our guard. Unfortunately, the evil is so widely spread that we have to combat the foe in many places at once. Every county in the three kingdoms has to be watched, and in numerous cities the Fenian element is known to be formidable. The Government have sent a circular to about fifty towns, pointing out the necessity for special precautions, and stating that information has been received by her Majesty's Ministers "which renders it, in their

judgment, desirable that the local authorities should be prepared to meet any disturbances that may arise." This necessity, it is added, may last some weeks, "and possibly through the winter." The explosion at Clerkenwell—the alarm at Woolwich Dockyard—the special measures which the Government have thought proper to take for the protection of the Queen's person at Osborne—the swearing-in of special constables, and the strong guard which it is found necessary to place at all arsenals, powder magazines, and depots of arms—are only some out of the many evidences which meet us on all hands, showing the existence in our midst of a powerful phalanx of rebellious plotters, bent on effecting the independence of Ireland, and the destruction of British power. The Queen's letter on this subject, disavowing any fears for herself, and expressing confidence in her people, was a proper piece of queenly dignity and courage; but it is none the less necessary to take measures of defence. To kidnap the Sovereign might seem too daring an attempt even for the wildest of the American-Irish; yet, without some special provision for her Majesty's safety, it might possibly be attempted in a remote spot like the Isle of Wight, with the sea at the very doors of the palace, and the Atlantic not far off. Such a triumph would be worth anything to the Fenians, and would be the greatest disgrace that could befall ourselves.

In Ireland, the state of affairs is of course much more serious than it is in England. The seizure of arms in the martello tower near Cork is a proof of the facility with which the conspirators accomplish any design they earnestly set their hands to; and the robbery of the gunsmith's shop in the same city acquires a grave complexion when we consider that it was committed in the broad day, and in the principal street of the town, without the smallest attempt at interruption, or the least manifestation of a desire on the part of any one to cut off the retreat of the thieves. It is useless to conceal the fact that disloyalty is rampant throughout Ireland, and that we have to deal with masked and muffled treason in every direction, though of course especially in the south and west. The most perilous feature of the business is, that for the suppression of sedition in Ireland we have to depend to a great degree on Irishmen. The police have up to the present time shown themselves remarkably staunch; but it is certain that disaffection exists widely in the army. A large proportion of our soldiers are Irish, and we believe the Government are well aware that Fenianism has spread very seriously among their ranks. In some regiments, as we have been informed, more than half the total number have been pointed out by the detective police as rebels in intention, who would assuredly become rebels in fact if there were anything like a general and overt movement of the Irish population which they could join with a chance of success. As the case now stands, these men could perhaps be relied on for suppressing any trifling disturbance that was obviously incapable of advancing the cause; but with an enemy actually in the field, and the green flag before their eyes, it is not improbable that they would desert the British colours in a body. It may be that no such test of their loyalty will ever arise; but it is as well to face extreme issues, and to be prepared for them. To bring all the Irish regiments to England, and send all the English and Scotch regiments to Ireland, would be simply to shift the seat of danger from a less vital to a more vital part; so that we have no choice but to employ the disaffected in watching disaffection, and to trust to the check which we possess on the malcontents in the presence of their loyal comrades, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. It is the misfortune and the weakness of the British Empire that it has no common national feeling animating the whole mass. France is a nation in the most absolute sense of the word; so, with all its provincial jealousies, is Italy; so is Spain; so will Germany be when its unity is effected, unless Poland mar the concord. On the other hand, Russia and Austria are great military States, made up of many distinct and hostile races, though the true Muscovite gives a strong backbone of nationality to the Empire of the Romanoffs. Great Britain is neither a compact nation, nor a great military Power in the Continental sense, however capable, upon compulsion, of the most magnificent military efforts. It is rather a commercial partnership, in which the three partners stand upon an unequal footing, and have very little love for one another, or community of feeling, while the least prosperous of the triad is so dissatisfied with his share as to be secretly conspiring against the other two. That we have been great, wealthy, and successful under this arrangement, is an undeniable fact; but that the system has its special dangers, the present condition of these islands sufficiently attests.

For these reasons, we must needs enter the year 1868 with a feeling of chastened pride, and of some apprehension as to



the character and extent of our trials during its course; but we have no occasion to despair of the result, if we remain true to the best traditions of our history and the nobler instincts of our nature. There is an enormous reserve of force in the English spirit, which invariably rises with the occasion, and which has carried us through much worse crises than that with which we are now struggling. We suppressed the insurrectionary movement in Ireland seventy years ago, while engaged in a deadly war with France; and we shall suppress Fenianism now. But when we have exercised our might, as we are bound to do—not, it is to be hoped, in any spirit of rage or revenge, but with the calmness and moderation of true strength—let us not forget that to quell Ireland is one thing; to pacify her is another. What we are now suffering is the natural consequence of seven centuries of misgovernment—the misgovernment of Irish men and women by English aliens. While repudiating the extravagances of the declaration on Irish grievances just put forth by the Dean of Limerick and other Roman Catholic clergymen, we must needs acknowledge that a good deal of the indictment is true. We have done much to abrogate these prolonged and grievous wrongs—but not everything. A country where famine seems to be native and indigenous—where a constant drain of its life's blood takes place from year to year—where the people are disloyal and the army tainted—must be suffering from evils which legislation could remove; and it is for the Imperial Parliament to determine what are those evils, and to root them out while there is yet time for such a work.

#### THE COMING PRESIDENT.

THREE things of the utmost importance to the immediate political future of the United States have been settled during the brief ante-Christmas sitting of Congress. It has been, first of all, decided that, unless the President shall commit some offence quite beyond the endurance of the country, he is to remain Chief Magistrate until March 4, 1869. In the next place it has been decided that Congress will adhere, without any important modification, to its adopted plan of reconstruction. In the third, it has been rendered certain that, unless some unforeseen complication of the situation should supervene, General Grant is to be the next President of the United States. His nomination is not desired by the extreme wing of either the Democratic or the Republican party; but the Conservatives of both have so evidently manifested their determination to support him, that neither party can venture to present an opposing candidate. Indeed, it is now the belief of some of the most sagacious politicians that both will nominate him for the principal office, and that the presidential contest will be confined to the office of Vice-President. If such should be the conditions of the coming campaign, it will be of a kind unprecedented in American history, and its significance at the present juncture can hardly be explained as popular enthusiasm for the military renown of General Grant.

During the whole of this year the question has been foremost in America, What are the political opinions of General Grant? For the same length of time that officer has observed a reticence which has gained for him the appellation of "the Sphinx." Since the war he has appeared on many public occasions; he was welcomed on the platforms at the great college commencements; he was the object of demonstrations in New York and other great cities; he was one of the President's suite during the famous Western tour; and on all these occasions he addressed the public, generally in these words—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am no speaker. I can only say that I thank you heartily for these manifestations of your favour." Not even the American imagination could detect in these words any profound intimation of the General's ideas of public policy. It was known that he had been, before the war, a Democrat; but he had never been a partisan, and, during the war, his intimate association was with the Republicans. As he pertinaciously refused to give the public any information concerning his opinions, his friends began to answer for him. No fewer than twenty-three different expositions were published, each claiming to have been derived from conversations with the General, and to be authentic; and several of them bore the signatures of eminent politicians,—as the Hon. Mr. Washburne, and Mr. Forney, Clerk of the Senate,—who were known to be personally acquainted with him. The difficulty was, however, only enhanced by these explanations, for the twenty-three were absolutely destructive of each other. According to them the General was a Johnsonian, a red-hot Radical, a Democrat, a Republican, and, in short, the probabilities as to his views were left by these testimonies very nicely balanced.

In this state of uncertainty the matter remained until the publication of the testimony taken on the question of impeachment. In that it appears the Judiciary Committee had subjected the General to a very searching examination, and he seems to have answered the majority of questions with fulness and frankness. There was, of course, no opportunity for them to demand an expression of his abstract opinions; but after a careful perusal of his testimony we can readily understand why it is that the question concerning them has ceased to be reiterated, and may also gather, to some extent, the significance of the increased probabilities of his becoming President by a union of parties such as has not occurred since the election of Washington. It appears on the record, that soon after the accession of President Johnson to the Presidency he was anxious to bring to trial and punishment the leaders of the confederacy, including General Lee and other military officers, and that General Grant had to make a very stern resistance to this, and, so far as the military leaders were concerned, had to urge their rights under the conditions of surrender. After this—about two years ago, that is—the President's views, said General Grant, underwent a change. The feeling in the South soon after also became much changed, and for the worse. He thought it necessary that some kind of civil organization in the rebel States should be made at once, and he favoured the plan brought forward by President Johnson, which was substantially the same with one which Mr. Lincoln had drawn up and shown him shortly before his death. But General Grant carefully stated that Mr. Lincoln had meant his plan only as a proposition to Congress, and he took it for granted that Mr. Johnson's plan was to be submitted in the same way. He regarded them also as temporary. This is the substance of his testimony so far as it casts any light upon his general views or upon the course he would be likely to adopt if chosen President. It is plain, then, that the administration of General Grant would be animated by a generous and honourable spirit toward the South; and there can be no doubt that in this respect it would represent the sentiment of the entire country, although, so long as a return to some form of slavery is apprehended or even conceivable, the North is unwilling to have clemency take the form of restoring to the Southern whites complete power over the negro. In the next place the impression made by General Grant's testimony on the Democrats will be favourable, since it shows that he is not bound to any principle of negro equality. He approved of Mr. Lincoln's plan—substantially Mr. Johnson's—which did not contemplate negro suffrage. On the other hand he seemed to regard the plan as temporary, and indeed (though he was somewhat vague on this point), he intimated that his approval was based on a good feeling at the South which no longer existed. The general impression conveyed to the country by this part of his evidence is probably the correct one; it is that General Grant takes a military rather than a political—a practical rather than a theoretical—view of the situation in the South, and declines, in the present tentative condition of events to commit himself to any hard and fast rule of reconstruction. The Democrats, desiring a readmission of the Southern States under their old laws unconditionally, as if there had been no rebellion, would, like a candidate with a more definite theory, as, on the other hand, would the Radical Republicans who believe that Southern loyalty and order must for the future depend upon the negro. But the recent elections have awakened misgivings with both of these parties that they cannot carry the heart of the people with them, and it is certain they cannot against a man of General Grant's popularity. That, however, which settled the question of his nomination so far as the Republican party is concerned, was the emphasis with which the distinguished witness declared that his approval to the plan of Mr. Lincoln was given to it as a measure to be laid before Congress, and that it was only under the same impression that he had given any consent to the similar plan shown him by Mr. Johnson. "I was," says General Grant, "in favour of that or anything else which looked to civil government until Congress could meet and establish governments. . . . I do not suppose there were any persons engaged in that consultation who thought of what was being done at that time as being lasting any longer than until Congress would meet and either ratify that or establish some other form of government." These views were repeated five or six times by the witness. They show unmistakably that no contest could arise between himself and Congress at all similar to that which has occurred under the present President. President Johnson has been trained to the Southern theory, which holds that America is constitutionally a "white man's Government," and he regards the enfranchisement of the negro as its overthrow; hence he has pressed to the verge



of a *coup d'état* his resistance to Congress. General Grant is a Northern man, of Northern ancestors, with a training on the subject of the relative rights and duties of the various departments of the Government that would probably never permit him to imagine it a President's duty to make laws, decide on their constitutionality, and to execute them or not as he sees fit. The expressions in his testimony of deference to Congress, and his instinctive relegation of the whole matter of reconstruction to its authority, were really more calculated to win the favour of the Republicans than any decided opinions, even though favourable to their own. Mr. Johnson, they could not forget, had once expressed opinions vehemently Radical. Such strong views sometimes become inverted. When they heard General Grant say, "I was not in favour of anything or opposed to anything particularly," many a weary warrior with the unyielding "man at the White House," must have felt, this is the coming man!

We anticipate, then, under the administration of General Grant—assuming that there is to be one—a truce between parties and an era of good feeling. It is probable that the Radicals will see in it the term of their advance, the gleanings of their last sheaf over the furrows of the war. To garner what they have reaped, to make it certain that all the tares of slavery are separated and burnt, will henceforth be the chief aim of the Republicans and old Abolitionists; and in General Grant they will at least not find an obstruction. Democracy will gather all its forces to recover its lost power in the country, and will be consoled by present and prospective offices for its inability to secure a monopoly of electoral power to the whites. The great questions of the future are likely to be financial or foreign, and these will tend to reunite the various parties of the country rather than divide them. The game between the parties has been anxiously watched; the stakes were heavy. The Old Year has at last cried "*Il ne va plus.*" Humanity also had something on the table, and need not be all dissatisfied with the result.

#### THE REVENUE.

THE falling-off in the revenue revealed by the recently published returns, cannot surprise any one who has paid even a cursory attention to the subject. We were fully prepared for this unsatisfactory winding-up of the year's accounts, not only by the returns for the quarter ending on the 21st of September, but by the statement of the Secretary for the Treasury during the recent autumnal session. Still, although we were forewarned of what we might expect, this goes but a little way to reconcile us to a fact which would at any time be one of a most unpleasant character, but which is especially so at a moment when we are engaged in a war that promises to lay a heavy burthen on the national income for the present and perhaps for the next year. The normal elasticity of the revenue, and its continuous growth for more than twenty years, will no doubt enable us to bear more easily a temporary falling-off; but, on the other hand, these circumstances increase our disappointment, and tend to make us attach undue importance to an event which does not in reality indicate any decay in the resources of the country, or the permanent elements of its prosperity. The financial policy which we have pursued with such marked success for the last quarter of a century has given to our revenue a stability which is enjoyed by that of no other country in the world; but of course it cannot be expected to prevent the disturbing effects of such causes as have been in operation during last year. The only real ground for surprise is that those causes, or at least some of them, should have come into operation so slowly, and that down to the close of the year they should not have told more severely than has actually been the case. The two first quarters of the past year, indeed, showed an increase in the revenue as compared with the corresponding quarters of 1866; and although there was in each instance a falling-off in the excise, this did not go to any great extent, while the other branches of the revenue, which indicate the condition of the country or the activity of trade, were either stationary or improving. We find, for instance, that in these two quarters the customs yielded £5,527,000 and £5,499,000 respectively, against £5,139,000 and £5,271,000 in the corresponding quarters of 1866; that from stamps we raised £2,554,000 and £2,547,000 in the former periods, against £2,425,000 and £2,483,000 in the latter; and that the receipts from the property and income-tax were in one year £2,156,000 and £1,577,000, against £1,914,000 and £1,597,000 in the other. Considering that the reduction in the excise during these quarters was only £62,000, and that this branch of the revenue

is more than any other liable to fluctuate from causes which have no relation to the consumption of the articles upon which duties are imposed, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that down to the middle of the year the legitimate commerce of the country was in a healthy state, and the condition of the people was not unsatisfactory. Up to the 30th June the Chancellor of the Exchequer had indeed every reason to be satisfied with his receipts, for during the half-year which terminated on that day he had obtained £36,223,796 in 1867, against £35,256,629 in 1866.

From that date, however, the revenue commenced to fall off. In the quarter ending September 30th, the customs only yielded £5,502,000, against £5,541,000 in the previous year; and the excise, £4,300,000, against £4,520,000—the latter figures showing unmistakably that the power of the people to purchase excisable articles was seriously diminished, and that their condition was seriously deteriorated. In spite of an increase in several branches of the revenue, the income of this quarter of last year was only £14,913,740, against £15,196,000 in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. In the next three months matters grew still worse. Every important source of revenue, except the customs and the post-office, showed a marked falling off as compared with the last quarter of 1866. The increase in the customs is no doubt at first sight a matter for congratulation, showing, as it appears to do, that the foreign trade of the country is at least as prosperous as it was last year. But such an inference would not be a sound one. Looking to the large importation of wheat, in order to supply the deficient yield of the last harvest, that has taken place during this quarter, it is clear that we must credit this branch of commerce with considerably more than the £138,000 additional customs' duties raised during this period. That would, of course, leave a deficiency on the general trade of the country—a deficiency for which the augmented produce of the duty on corn cannot be regarded as any compensation. In point of fact, that augmentation must be regarded as a national misfortune and loss, representing, as it does, a falling-off in our agricultural wealth—a scarcity and consequent dearness of our principal article of food. Coming to the other branches of the revenue, the returns show that in the quarter under consideration the excise duties were £5,092,000, against £5,471,000 in the same quarter of 1866; stamps, £2,296,000, against £2,308,000; taxes, £1,317,000, against £1,358,000; and property-tax, £885,000, against £1,314,000. The total receipts for the former quarter were £17,525,980, against £18,332,935 in the latter; or, in other words, there was a decrease of revenue to the extent of more than £800,000. On the three months, therefore, there was a falling-off nearly equal to what may in good times be considered the normal increase in the revenue for a whole year. It is, of course, on this period that we must base our views of the state of the national income, and also of the condition of the people, so far as it is indicated thereby. For although, if we take the whole year 1867, and compare it with 1866, there is only a deficiency of £122,146, it is obvious, that the comparative prosperity of the two first quarters of the past twelvemonth cannot in any way mitigate the unfavourable character of the results which we must anticipate from the steady and rapid decline of the revenue during the two last quarters. We commence the new year with the eminently disagreeable facts before us that the elasticity of the revenue has for a time vanished, and that the falling-off is at present going on at a rate which not only puts any remission of taxation during the present year entirely out of the question, but even justifies serious doubts whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able "to make both ends meet" without a resort to additional taxation.

To account for this unsatisfactory state of things, we are offered our choice between two rival theories, which are not, however, inconsistent with each other. In the course of the financial statement to which we have already referred, Mr. Hunt threw the main burthen of the blame upon the financial crisis of 1866. We are now, he will have it—and there are many who agree with him—feeling in the revenue the effects of that total collapse of speculation and enterprise which has now lasted for something like a year and nine months, and of the diminished consuming power of the middle classes, whose means have been swallowed up in the bubble schemes which burst so disastrously in the year before last. But although we do not at all deny that this cause has had some influence, especially in causing a falling-off in the yield of the income and property tax, we cannot help thinking that it is neither the sole nor the principal agent in bringing about the present state of things. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the crisis of 1866 was one of a purely financial character. It did not, like other crises, affect the substantial trade or industry of the



country. There were no failures of either mercantile or manufacturing firms; and for at least a year after the panic there were no signs of any falling-off in the commerce of the country. Admitting that it may have taken some time to develop the full effects of the serious calamities in which a large portion of the middle classes were involved by their reckless pursuit of wealth, we cannot understand how the operation of this cause, to any perceptible extent, can have been postponed for more than a year—still less how it should have then commenced to act with a suddenness and a decisiveness which stand in the strongest contrast to its previous sluggishness. We are therefore disposed to trace the falling-off of the revenue mainly to a cause which came into existence about the time that that falling-off commenced, and which has since continued to act with undiminished severity. The increase in the price of food, resulting from our deficient harvest, and the consequent diminution of the consuming power of the masses, is more than enough to account for the shock which has been given to our commerce and our manufacturing industry during the last six months. Experience shows that a rise in the price of wheat produces an almost immediate effect upon the revenue, and, therefore, although we ought probably to credit the financial crisis of last year with that diminution in the means of the middle classes which is represented by the startling falling-off of half a million in the amount of income-tax collected during the last quarter of 1867 as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1866, we must look elsewhere for the source of the reduction in the other branches of the revenue. If we are correct in this view, we cannot look forward to any very speedy reaction. The pressure upon the springs of our industry will not be removed until the price of food is so far reduced as to leave the working classes a larger portion of their earnings than they now possess available for the purchase of other articles. At the same time, there can, of course, be no doubt that any return of confidence and enterprise in commercial circles will have a material effect in improving our position. Although the prospect immediately before us is certainly not a very bright one, there is, however, no ground for any serious uneasiness. No branch of our trade or industry has been, or is, permanently affected. The causes which have led to the falling-off in the revenue are entirely of a temporary character; and as soon as they have ceased to operate we may safely calculate on a return of that national prosperity which is at present compromised by the combined effects of rash speculation and of a failure in the bounties of nature.

#### THE REORGANIZATION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE idea of a Royal Commission to inquire into the anomalous state of the Civil Service seems to be gaining ground every day in the public mind, and is said to be seriously entertained by more than one of our leading statesmen. It is not too much to say that the present disgraceful state of things could not have existed if the affairs of the various Government departments were generally as much before the world as matters connected with either the army, the navy, or the Church. Folks who would be scandalized at the notion of certain regiments in the army being badly paid, compared with others, hardly comprehend that an iniquity of exactly the same nature exists in the public service, and that officials in two departments, the duties of which are precisely similar, are paid on a wholly different scale for no other reason—it seems to us—than that the one is situated east, and the other west of Temple Bar. Why is it—we ask in the name of the ignorant outsiders—why is it that men who pass the same examination and exhibit the same qualifications, should undergo such different fortunes? Why is it that the annual increment to Jones at the Inland Revenue is £10, and to Robinson at the Customs £5. The candidates' papers for both seem exactly alike, as well as we can make out from the periodical reports of the Civil Service Commission, and the work they do seems equally arduous. Why is it that the holidays are always least in the most hard-worked departments, ranging from between forty and fifty days in the West-end to between twenty and thirty days in the City? Why do some offices draw payments monthly, while others, with as good claims, have to wait till the end of each quarter? Why is there a Saturday half-holiday in some departments and not in others? Why is the career of Brown at the circumlocution-office an easy, uninterrupted ascent to £500 a year, while Smith at the tin tax sees an almost insuperable barrier before him at £150? "The nature of the duties?" Not a bit of it. Smith has to be at his desk before ten, and to keep his nose to the

grinding stone even after the clock "tolls the hour for retiring,"—has, in fact, to toil diligently for nearly seven hours unrelieved by even a quarter of an hour at the *Times*; while Brown is not required to put in an appearance before eleven, nor to keep it up after three. Of course, in some offices there is a great deal of mechanical work, copying, &c., and we can well understand the fairness of giving but moderate salaries to the performers of such ordinary work. But if it is fair to pay one class in a certain department at a low rate, it does not follow that it is fair to pay the whole department on an inferior scale. Such clerks in the Customs or other departments as merely copy letters may be paid a pound a week, but men in the same place who transact business requiring some brains ought to be decently remunerated, irrespective of the postal district in which they work. We notice that the Commissioners of the lowly-paid departments are paid pretty much the same as those belonging to the first-class offices. Wherefore? We ask with all due submission. If the duties are of a lower nature, to superintend those duties cannot require the same qualifications as to superintend duties of a higher stamp. The Treasury cannot escape this dilemma, except by lowering the salaries of the Commissioners or by raising the salaries of the clerks.

We are not raking up a grievance for the sake of making a telling attack. Nearly every respectable paper in London has alluded to the state of the Civil Service in general, and the Customs in particular, during the past year. Twice has the *Times* in its City article devoted space to what it has fitly termed "a special injustice." In concluding a notice of the subject in the issue of Nov. 14, 1867, it says, "the feeling in the City on the subject is very strong, and it may be hoped for the credit of our official system either that a remedy will be resolved upon, or that some explanation will be furnished to account for the anomaly." Of course the explanation here expected was never forthcoming. The *Daily News* of the 8th April, 1867, devotes a leader to the subject in which it attacks "the absurd anomalies" of the service and declares that it sees "no equitable and satisfactory settlement of the Civil Service anomalies short of its entire reorganization on the basis indicated—division of the work into two qualities, superior and inferior, with pay and privileges strictly coincident with this distinction." The *Star* of May 25 ends an article by saying:—"It will probably be found that the case of the Customs cannot be settled by itself. There should be a comprehensive inquiry into the constitution, working, and rates of payment of the different branches of the Civil Service. We cannot doubt that such an inquiry would show that while in some cases extraordinary salaries are paid, in others deserving men are badly remunerated." The *Telegraph* has alluded to the subject more than once, and as late as the 18th December, 1867, admitted that whatever sneers may be directed against other branches of her Majesty's service, "few have the conscience to say anything against the Custom House, in which every employé seems to work like a mill-horse, for a very meagre salary." The *Standard* and *Punch*, and even the *Tomahawk*, have taken the matter up. Journals of all politics and no politics have had their say upon the matter, and, for a wonder, all are agreed that the Customs is unfairly paid, and that the whole Civil Service needs thorough reorganization.

Bitter as the injustice may be to allow the Customs a scale of salaries from 42 to 60 per cent. less than that of its sister department, the Inland Revenue, it is not alone upon the ground of this inequality that the clerks complain. They say that they could be content to allow the claims of other offices to higher remuneration if only they themselves were fairly paid. The income they get is of itself too small to support them in a state of respectability. They are in reality poorer than the artisan, because having qualified themselves by an expensive education for their present posts, they must keep up certain appearances that the artisan need not regard. They cannot walk into their rooms in corduroy trousers, greasy caps, and flannel jackets, like a carpenter into a workshop. As gentlemen they applied for the situation, and, however treated, as gentlemen they must endeavour to exist. That many break down in the attempt we need hardly say; the only wonder is that nearly all do not come to grief. We have heard ourselves of cases where clerks who had obtained £150 a year after sixteen years service had been dismissed for backing a bill; and if other tales narrated to us be true, the demoralizing effects of such penury seems revolting to all generous minds. And yet, as long as the present system continues, how can it be otherwise? All the necessities of life have risen from twenty to twenty-five per cent. within the last seventeen years; but the salaries paid to the officials in the Custom House are almost exactly as they were seventeen years ago. In some respects the prospects of the senior clerks are positively worse.



If a commission such as we indicate be duly authorized to make the necessary investigations, there is one matter we would respectfully submit for its consideration. In the army, in the navy, and in the Church, it is possible for the man who entered at the lowest grade to mount to the top of the ladder. An ensign may become a general, a midshipman may become an admiral, a curate may become a bishop. These advances take place as a matter of course. But the highest posts in the Civil Service, the chairmanships, commissionerships, and secretariats, are hardly ever given to officials who have distinguished themselves in their respective departments. Is there any reason for this injustice? Yes. The posts are almost invariably reserved for political nominees—the friends of the Government wire-pullers.

#### THE NEW COUNTY COURTS ACT.

WE are approaching, by our usual slow degrees, to an administration of justice such as a council of men would be likely to adopt under the guidance of common sense if a system were now to be created for the first time. But it has been hard work to break down the prejudices that clung to the old state of things, and held that every part of the legal procedure which had come down to us was essential to the whole, and that nothing could be taken away and nothing added without danger. That beautiful fabric, which of late years we have stripped of so many antique graces, had come down to us through generations, each of which had left upon it some mark of its wisdom. Why should we interfere with it?—why not remain contented with it, as our fathers were before us? A reason might have been given involving a paradox—namely, that our fathers were not content with it. The whole official corps engaged in the administration of justice, from the judge to the attorney, were well pleased with a system which, whatever it might be to the rest of the world, was profitable to them. Moreover, the habit of mind induced by legal study and legal practice is wholly averse to change. Therefore the greatest enemies of law reform have been the lawyers, and the reformers have been the laymen who could not see in an intricate and costly system, full of pitfalls, that beautiful simplicity which it wore in the eyes of professors of the art. Fortunately, the laymen have been too strong for the experts, and we have made within the last generation great strides to a wiser system of law procedure. We have abolished the "New Rules of Pleading;" we have established the county courts, and we have swept away the difficult doctrine of interested witnesses so completely that, except in two instances, we now receive the evidence of the most interested of all witnesses, the parties to a suit. But there is still much to be done, and the first day of 1868 brings into operation an Act to extend the usefulness of the county courts; a further step in the direction of a common-sense administration of justice. Of all the law reforms which have taken place since 1830, none was so much opposed as the establishment of county courts. Lord Brougham incurred the odium of the legal profession by advocating this return to one of the earliest of our legal institutions, because solicitors and barristers saw, or thought they saw, in the proposed change a fatal blow levelled at their interests. Every case carried into a county court, and which would otherwise have been tried in one of the superior courts at Westminster, would be a small estate lost to the profession. Thousands of bills of costs would disappear; and to the "profession" the merit of any legal system lies in its fertility of costs. The courts themselves are not behind the gentlemen who practice in them in this respect. The county courts had not long been established before Lord Campbell, then Lord Chief Justice of England, was able to congratulate himself that suits were disposed of in the Queen's Bench at less cost to the parties, as far as the fees of the court were concerned, than in the county court. This is one of the great defects of the new system, and, together with the mode of punishing defaulting debtors, may be regarded as constituting the case against it. Of the case in its favour, we can hardly have better proof than the fact that one half of the writs issued in the superior courts are in actions for amounts under £20, which ought to be tried in the county courts. Solicitors, for the sake of costs, carry them into the superior courts, and this is one reason why we are asked to create more judges. There is something infinitely ridiculous in a state of things which admits of such an abuse, and impedes the hearing of cases of real importance. The mere question whether A owes B £20, or whether he has injured him to the extent of £10, is not one which should be allowed to occupy the time of judges who are selected for their wisdom and learning, in order that questions of legal difficulty may be decided in accordance with the law. It is, of course,

possible that cases may arise in which, while the sum involved is trifling, there is a great principle at stake, or some question of law is involved which should be tried by the highest authority. The cases, however, that find their way into the superior courts, but which could more properly be tried in the county courts, are not commenced there upon this principle. The tribunal is selected with a view to the solicitor's interests, not to those of his client or the public.

It is satisfactory that henceforth this practice will be considerably checked. It is provided by the Act which has just come into operation, that if, in any action commenced after the passing of the Act in any of the superior courts, the plaintiff shall recover a sum not exceeding £20 in an action on contract, or £10 when the action is founded on tort, he shall not be entitled to any costs of suit, unless the judge certify on the record that there was sufficient reason for bringing such action in the superior court, or unless the Court or a judge at chambers shall by rule or order allow such costs. Again, in any action commenced in the superior courts, when the claim does not exceed £50, or when it is reduced by part payment or set-off to £50, the defendant may summon the plaintiff before a judge at chambers to show cause why such action shall not be tried in the county court, and the judge, unless there be good cause shown to the contrary, shall order such action to be tried there accordingly. Thirdly, it shall be competent to any person against whom an action for malicious prosecution, illegal arrest, illegal distress, assault, false imprisonment, libel, slander, seduction, or other action of tort, may be brought in a superior court, to make an affidavit that the plaintiff has no visible means of paying the costs of the defendant should the verdict not be found for the plaintiff, and the judge may thereupon make an order that unless the plaintiff shall give full security for costs, or satisfy the judge that he has a cause of action fit to be tried in a superior court, all proceedings in the action shall be stayed, or the cause be remitted for trial to the county court. These three enactments are so wise that we regret that the first and second do not go further than they do. Why should the jurisdiction of a county court be limited to a particular sum of money? When a judge of the superior courts decides that a plaintiff recovering less than £20 shall or shall not have his costs, or when a judge at chambers orders a case commenced in a superior court to be tried in a county court, by what principle is he guided to his decision? Certainly by the presence in the case, or by the want of it, of such difficulty of law or fact as will render it worthy the attention of the superior court. But this need not be affected by the amount in dispute. Law and facts may be as simple in a case involving £1,000 as in one involving only £20. And, in point of fact, jurisdiction has already been given to the county courts over certain cases where the sum involved is far above £50. They have an equitable jurisdiction in all suits for specific performance, or for the delivering up or cancelling of any agreement for the sale or purchase of property where the purchase-money does not exceed £500; and this jurisdiction is extended by the new Act to all suits for specific performance of, or for the reforming, delivering up, or cancelling of any agreement for the sale, purchase, or lease of any property where, in the case of a sale or purchase, the purchase-money, or, in the case of a lease, the value of the property, shall not exceed £500. Are such cases more easily decided than an ordinary action founded on contract or tort? By no means; but we must creep in all these matters; we can never reform boldly. Either the laymen are too timid or the lawyers are too powerful, as it has come to be a settled principle that any sum which will bear taxation must be taxed for the support of the legal profession, necessarily or unnecessarily. Where the body is, there are the vultures gathered together. But though our pace is slow, we are not standing still. It is something to have gained such a point as, that unnecessary litigation in the superior courts shall be punished by the refusal of all costs whatever, and also that a plaintiff may be compelled to prove that he has a right to try his action in a superior court before he is allowed to proceed with it. Great, however, as this improvement is, we are disposed to rate still higher the third to which we have above alluded, and which will act as a restraint on a certain class of attorneys, who have hitherto carried on a system very like the levying of black mail, bringing actions for disreputable women against men who had been weak enough to compromise themselves with them—not because there was really a cause of action, but in the hope of being bought off. For the future it will not be so easy to play that game as it has been hitherto; and it may be found possible, when we have had experience of the working of the section in question, to devise a still more severe measure for the repression of such practitioners.



## THE CLERKENWELL EXPLOSION FUND.

THE question has been discussed within the present week, by what means is compensation to be made to those who have suffered by the late explosion in Clerkenwell? and so many important considerations are involved in the discussion that we may fairly devote a portion of our space to it. The benevolence of the English public is never appealed to in vain when a great or a small calamity has occurred; and it also is a matter of indifference whether those who have been its victims are our fellow-subjects or the subjects of another Government. We are a wealthy nation, and it suits our humour to find an outlet for a portion of our riches in ministering to those who have undeservedly incurred the displeasure of fortune, or have been involved in some sudden disaster. Granted a fair claim, it is sure of a fair hearing and a cordial response. It would therefore be contrary to the custom of the English public if so shocking a distress as that caused by the late explosion should fail to find sympathy and help, nor can it be said either that the one has been weak or the other stinted. Contributions to the fund for the relief of the sufferers have been forthcoming in a manner which must go far to solace those in whose behalf they are made, and to assure them that nothing will be left undone to repair to them, as far as possible, the loss, in person or property, they may have sustained. And it must be admitted that they have full claim to all that is being done for them. They have not suffered from one of those accidents which, extraordinary as they are in point of magnitude, are in their nature of an ordinary character. They have not been the victims of fire, they have not escaped from shipwreck, they have not been deprived of husbands and fathers by the explosion of a coal-mine or of a store of gun-powder. They are the victims of a public enemy, and are as much entitled to our consideration, as if their losses had been inflicted by a foreign force upon its march into our capital. It is well that this should be thoroughly understood, because it is the ground on which they have claims that ought to be legal, even if it should turn out that they are not so. We shall, therefore, not do enough for them if we only relieve their present necessities. Property has been destroyed, individuals have received personal injuries which they will carry to their graves, and in some cases those injuries have been of so severe a character as to incapacitate to a greater or less extent those who have received them from making any provision for themselves. It is obvious that nothing we can do can make more than an approximate reparation to these parties. We can rebuild the houses that have been destroyed, and repair fully any material loss occasioned by the late explosion. But we cannot restore sight to the blind, or the use of their limbs to those who have been deprived of it. However, we will do what we can, and the question is how and when we are to do it.

At present we are relieving only the immediate wants of the sufferers, and the Committee of the Explosion Fund are anxious that no time should be lost in compensating the parties whose property has been destroyed, and in providing annuities for those whose injuries are of a permanent character. They see that the public sympathy is just now strong, and they are anxious to make their claim while it is so—to strike while the iron is hot. Even benevolence cools with time; and if the present opportunity is allowed to slip, it may be difficult to revive the good feeling which is now so active. But the Committee are in the dangerous predicament of having two stools to rest upon. The first is the public sympathy; the second is a real or supposed legal claim either upon the Government or the county. If the latter exists, there is no need to rest upon the former. The question of right, however, is not one which can be readily determined. The solicitor who is engaged in considering it may find that there is a good deal to be said upon both sides; and of course in such a case it would be equally prejudicial to his clients whether the claim was doubtfully admissible or doubtfully inadmissible. In the interview between the Committee and the Chancellor of the Exchequer last week, Mr. Disraeli gave them to understand that in coming forward with aid immediately after the occurrence of the explosion, the Government acted solely in the desire to assuage sufferings for which the ordinary sources of help might not be forthcoming with sufficient promptness. Having done that, Government considers that it has fulfilled its duties, and that nothing more can be expected of it. This assurance is so far favourable, that it prohibits the expectation that Government will do anything more for the sufferers than it may find itself compelled to do. Its voluntary action has ceased, and there can be very little doubt that it will dispute any demand that may now be made upon it. The ground thus far cleared, it

remains to be seen with what probability of success a claim could be made upon the county. We take it that it will not be advisable for the Committee to depend upon any claim that will have to stand the test of litigation. The case is one which cannot wait for relief. Whatever is to be done must be done now. If, therefore, the magistrates should follow the example of the Government and refuse to make any provision for the victims of the late explosion, the course of the Committee is clear. It must throw itself at once upon the good feeling of the public.

That, indeed, was the advice Mr. Disraeli gave the deputation which waited upon him last week. At the same time there ought not to be any doubt as to what legal rights persons possess who are in the predicament of those who have been injured by the explosion at Clerkenwell. We heartily hope that we have seen the last of these diabolical outrages. But it would be imprudent to indulge that hope confidently. We have to deal with men who, whatever their numbers, have shown themselves both hardened and desperate, and reckless what suffering they may inflict in order to carry out their ends. It was well known to them when they placed their barrel against the wall of the House of Detention that its explosion would inflict certain and terrible injury on the houses and people in the neighbourhood; but that did not stop them. Nor are considerations of humanity likely to weigh with them more hereafter than upon this occasion. It would, therefore, be well that we should understand upon whom, in the case of a similar outrage, the responsibility will rest of making whatever compensation may be found practicable. The public are willing to undertake it if it should prove that in no other way can compensation be made; and in some respects it would be an advantage that it should come from them. In the first place, it would in all probability be more liberally made; and, in the second, it would give additional proof of the public detestation of such outrages, and of the general determination on the part of the people to stand by the Government in every possible way. We should, therefore, be glad to see a public appeal made as soon as the extent of the injuries can be ascertained, and when it has been reasonably shown that there is no other means of redress. In the case of those whose injuries are of the most afflicting character, it may be assumed that there is none. So far, therefore, the case is divested of difficulty, and we have only to consider the claims of those whose property has been destroyed, and whether such claims can be enforced. It ought not to be difficult to decide this point. The opinion of counsel should be sufficient for the purpose; for unless the right is tolerably clear, it is not one for whose decision an appeal to the public should be postponed. And when that appeal is made, we do not doubt that both on grounds of policy and humanity it will be effectively answered. A new state of things has sprung up in the midst of us. A people the most law-respecting in the world see the authority of the officers of Government openly defied by daylight, and in the public streets. It is time to show that no sacrifice will be spared which promises the suppression of this revolting innovation, and that the sympathies of the country will rally surely and generously round those whom it has injured.

## BAD MANNERS IN ROME.

THE immediate connection between ladies' dresses and profane swearing may not be very apparent, but they have just been coupled together in a decree issued by the Pope. His Holiness is afflicted by the prevailing style of millinery in Rome. He is not particularly averse to the aesthetics of religion, but he has absolutely been forced to draw a line somewhere among the too gorgeous colours and suggestive forms of the dress of Roman ladies. But are they Roman ladies who have provoked his censure? Do they not rather belong to that heterogeneous foreign society the atmosphere of which Nathaniel Hawthorne has so prettily indicated? We have a suspicion that this profligacy in dress is but an outward symbol of the *bizarre*—half-masculine, demonstrative, and defiant spirit which reigns among the expatriated ladies who have chosen Rome to be their dwelling, and who pour out their superabundant passion by means of colour-tubes, as their less erratic sisters do at home by means of their pens. His Holiness demands that a stop shall be put to the extravagant customs introduced by these ladies. He complains that they dress for church as if they were going to a theatre or a promenade; and evidently considers that religious services ought to have their appropriate costume. Unfortunately, the head of the Church has avoided all definition of what the proper costume ought to be. Sixpenny guide-books to the manners of good society inform the anxious



inquirer that in going to an opera certain articles of clothing are peremptorily necessary; why should they not specify the theological garb? We are quite sure that an additional attraction would be presented to many people in the opportunity to constitute themselves a part of the general effect of the service by wearing an appropriate and harmonious costume—say, a gown of black serge, a waistband of untarred rope, sandals, a cowl, a black cross, and dirty hands. All that the Pope has done has been to throw cold water on the theatrical accessories of going to church; and, instead of encouraging a taste for stage-business, he has absolutely complained that there is already too much of the theatre visible at public worship. His remedy is not one of precept, but of example. He desires that a committee of ladies should be appointed, who, having decided upon the requisite measures of dulness in colour and ugliness in form, shall make themselves the *corpus vile* of the experiment, and teach their more worldly sisters to subdue their carnal likings for splendid garments. The luxury of the present style of dress, according to the Pope, not only “produces the ruin of families,” but also “leads to immorality,”—and this under the very nose of his Holiness! We do not wonder that he has been incensed by this audacious folly. But the Cardinal Vicar, as we learn, has added to this remonstrance and adjuration a definite threat. It is announced that women wearing an extravagant head-dress shall not be admitted to the communion-table. Think of that, ye blondes and brunettes, who spend every Sunday morning in wearying your maid over your prodigious preparations for service, and be glad that a comfortable and complaisant Archbishop of Canterbury winks at chignons.

The paternal government of the Pope is much better exemplified in the section of this decree which refers to profane swearing. After all, the head of the Church has the right to see that the faithful shall not dress themselves in an outrageous manner when they attend ordinances. But in his haste the Pope has declared there shall be no more swearing in Rome—no, not even among his own Zouaves, whose affection for the military service shall be consecrated by this abstinence into a sort of sacred form of self-abnegation. “Any persons taking the name of God, the Madonna, or the Saints in vain shall at once be dismissed from their employment, or, if the offence is committed in the street, be arrested by the police.” There never was such a revolutionary measure contemplated. If the Executive of the Pope were at all able to meet the requirements of his Legislature, there would be no one at work to-morrow morning in Rome except a few dumb men. To be dismissed for taking the name of a saint in vain! Who would be a Roman policeman, expected to have all the saints in the Calendar at his fingers’ ends? And what a succession of blunders the poor man must make in arresting Englishmen whose Italian, even in such simple matters as asking their way to St. Peter’s, is so apt to sound like unutterable blasphemies to the man who is on the outlook for such criminal offences. We presume that the Pope has so great a horror of heathen times that he wishes to drive the cursers and swearers of his dominions to choose their little playfulnesses from the records of pagan mythology. Jupiter, but not James; Bacchus, but not Benedict, is his motto. We may parade the streets of Rome, and insult the old divinities to our heart’s delight; but we must not descend to mediæval times. St. Catherine shall not be trifled with, but Jingo may be made the common sport of the multitude. The journeyman shoemaker sitting on his bench may ransack classic fable for high-sounding names to hurl at his apprentice’s head; but let him only mention the name of a saint, and out he goes into the street. The idle apprentice has but to watch for an occasional slip, and the very patron saint of the shoemaker may be sufficient to rob him of his daily bread.

What was the cause of this protest? How was it found that profane swearing and ladies’ gowns had advanced *pari passu*? Why were they so significantly brought together in the same edict? We cannot believe that it was for a moment intended to be hinted that the wearers of the extravagant head-dresses were themselves guilty of using the names of the saints in a disrespectful way. We suspect that the dresses were the dresses of the women, but the swearing was the work of their husbands. Milliners’ bills, his Holiness perceived, were the cause of a double crime; they provoked feelings of worldliness among those who incurred them, and bad language among those who had to pay them. The women dressed in a gratuitously-extravagant way; their husbands swore; therefore the fatal love of finery was at the bottom of it all. Now we do not hesitate to say that his Holiness’s suspicions are confirmed by certain occurrences which take place from day to day amongst ourselves. We need in

England as strict a law as that which has been promulgated in Rome—and that not applying to church-services only, but to all public places frequented by ladies. If these gentle creatures could only for one half-hour hear the horrible, epigrammatic, and semi-poetical language which is used behind their backs by the poor victim who is being rapidly driven to his wits’ end by the exactions of *Le Follet*, they would shudder to think themselves the cause of so much wickedness. In the interests of morality, they would surely undertake their cohesion to that column of dangerous prescriptions which the papers call the “newest fashions.” No interference would be needed on the part of the guardians of our religion; the Evangelical tendencies of the sex would be a sufficient stimulus. In the meantime the Pope has taken vigorous and practical measures to stop the twin evils, though it is to be feared that the execution of his decree will be attended with enormous difficulties. We would not hint that the general police-net for all profane swearers may occasionally gather in a High Church dignitary; but it would certainly, if properly and honestly worked, drag before the tribunals a considerable proportion of his Holiness’s secular advisers. And, as for ambassadors, military officers, and summer visitors, the mind shrinks from considering the numbers of them who would be in a chronic state of arrest through incapacity to remember the precise names of all the highly respectable men and women who figure in the Saints’ Calendar.

#### OLD FLIRTS.

THERE is an element in society of so curious a nature as almost to puzzle us to know with what emotions we should approach it—whether with pity or with ridicule. It is one of the most incongruous elements that can be imagined. It is a subversion of facts. It is a contradiction of aspects. It is an inconsequential result. It is a combination of dissimilarities. It is the evolving of oddness from absurdity. It is a social pantomime; age advances and from age steps youth. And yet you are made to feel that this Pallas-like result can be defeated by a soap-and-towel. Submerge the face of this kind of youth in water, and it comes out age again. Vanity is the harlequin. It waves its wand, and lo! the transformation is effected. What is the result? Old flirts.

What treatment do old flirts merit? It is all very fine to talk of pitying infirmities. Nothing can be more admirable in theory than charitable thoughts. Yet, dare we confess that though we do not reverence the man who talks loudly of his emotions and sensibilities whilst unassailed, and who turns and flies from the danger that menaces his patience without ever giving time for the assault to take place, we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn him. Take the simple heading of this article, and let the consideration be old flirts. Where is your patience when it has to attend to the artless prattle of two score and ten? The gods will not assist you here unless you assist yourself. You may recall and repeat to yourself all maxims of social benignity. But if contempt does not set in, patience will evaporate; and the end of all is your departure.

One’s feelings are very much perplexed by a consideration of old flirts. It is right: it is expected that age should invite your respect. But can you respect the pantaloon, when he hobbles in after his *confrère* with the angular knees, simply because he is old? Well, we concede that respect is due to the pantaloon, so far. But when we see that aged pantaloon ogling the pretty little milliner that, unconscious of the ominous proximity of the clown, trips smilingly across the stage, we protest that every feeling of veneration is put to flight, and we conceive thenceforth that we have every right to laugh at him each time he chooses to get himself knocked down. What is an old flirt? An old flirt is one of the sex who having attained a certain or uncertain age, conceives that she has a right, since the laws of nature will not suffer her to retrograde, to defeat the malice of time by the assumption of a juvenile demeanour and by those factitious aids which lend a valuable significance to the impersonation. So far she is harmless enough. But another step leads her into being a nuisance of a very bad description indeed. It is not necessary that she should be a spinster to be an old flirt. Married women as frequently convert themselves into old flirts as unmarried women. But let us consider the old flirt in the light of a spinster for a little. She will accept every invitation to a dance, but nearly always comes alone. It resembles an event for her to bring a companion. She does not always happen to possess a mamma. Whilst this felicity is yet permitted her, however, you may be pretty certain of never seeing her mamma in her company. The reason is quite obvious. The mammas of old flirts are generally of that order of beings whose characteristics are enumerated in the last pas-



sage of "The Seven Ages of Man." A woman *sans* everything does not much care for dance parties. The old flirt, however, does not make a very graphic plea for her mamma's absence, unless the infirmities of the said mamma happen to be known to the hostess to whom she apologizes for the parental absence. A cough, a cold, an attack of influenza, are considered by the old flirt quite apology enough. Indeed, it is a source of comfort to her that mamma cannot come out. What a suggestive foil to the rouge and powdered wrinkles of the old flirt would the presence be of a mamma *sans* everything! The old flirt is very fond of making her appearance in a costume as *décolletée* as possible. She seems to ignore all visible signs of age below the chin. She dances as a rule very quaintly. She flirts, or endeavours to flirt, like a girl. But the ineradicable element of age interpenetrating her actions lends to her flirtation a something very matronly. There will not often be found, however, any laxity in her manners. There may be all the desire for a gushing demeanour, but somehow or other the emotional outbreak is checked by the unconscious regularity and precision which you mostly meet with amongst people between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-eight. She has a tenacious way of clinging, highly provocative of mirth. She is very troublesome to the hostess who can get nobody to dance with her. It is not a pleasant spectacle to people who are desirous of seeing everybody happy, to perceive the old flirt up in a corner looking on at the whirling couples. When a partner is at length secured for her, however, though she may lose all sense of dissatisfaction, another's misery begins. She has been so long alone that her desire for companionship invests her with the troublesome nature of a perfect incubus. A clever hostess always knows the kind of man who will serve the old flirt as a species of chronic companion. She selects him from the nervous group that infests the doorway. He is delighted at the opportunity of getting a dance, no matter with whom; and when she has seen him fairly lodged in the clinging fingers of the old flirt she is at ease, for she knows very well that it will require more self-control and absolute physical courage to liberate himself from this servitude to wrinkles than he is master of. The old flirt has a skilful method of procuring an escort to her home. Whether this is contrived through the arts of the hostess, or through her own arts, or through the combined arts of both, it is certain that if you wait long enough you will detect some hapless being volunteering his escort, and having the happiness to find it eagerly accepted.

We have said that old flirts are not confined to spinsters. Indeed, if you search the ranks of married people you will find old flirts to any extent. You may make an excuse for the one. A husband has yet to be gained—and what an overwhelming *pro* is this! But the married old flirt is frequently a grandmother. What to us is her plea that her heart still retains all the fire of youth, all the vivacity of vanished days? Madam, we point to the looking-glass and bid you look *there* for our reply. How often have we longed to place the lisping child upon the lap of its grandmamma, and bid it wipe away the rouge from the venerable cheek, pluck away the false curled front and replace it by one of a more sober, decent appearance, boldly disclose the wrinkles now disguised from the eyes of a scornful time by discharging from each furrow the gorging enamel! But let the subject go! Perhaps on the whole the observer would hesitate to allow the elimination from society of this incongruous element. There is a suggestiveness about old flirts that makes even the veriest drawing-room for a moment thoughtful. Would not this form an insurmountable objection to their abolition, even were it practicable?

#### DOING GOOSEBERRY.

THERE is a curious function discharged from time to time by human beings which is described by comparing the parties engaged in it to a common garden fruit. "Doing Gooseberry" is an expression to signify the placing on guard of a third person where only two would like to be together; and it is because the two would like to be alone that society has willed that a third should be present. The gooseberry is usually planted in the female interest—it not, as yet, being considered necessary to place a gentleman to watch another during the progress of a flirtation; but it not unfrequently occurs that a sort of compromise is effected. The gooseberry, a younger sister, finds her occupation irksome. She discovers after a while that it is more or less dull to see love-making and to have no share in it; to see affections budding, tendrils curling, ivy settling round the oak, twin cherries, while she plays the part of a despised gooseberry, fit only for being a fool in the season. She then, either

through sourness, increases her vigilance, or, what may be worse, relaxes it. She may insist on walking at her sister's elbow, or so close at her heels that she catches enough of the soft nonsense to smile satirically conscious of it when she returns with her charge to the maternal roof. She may also loiter in a sulky mood until the lovers are compelled to wait for her, or hear of it afterwards at an inconvenient time. In fact, a thoroughly amiable gooseberry, a gooseberry who knows when to disappear, and when to come to the front, who never seems desperately bored during her task-hour, is as difficult to find as a pure-bred spaniel of the Charles breed. The effort is severe for ordinary nature, and just as the magician selects a boy or a maiden for some of his purposes, parents and guardians have often found it desirable to employ a child in this capacity. A little girl is decidedly superior to a little boy in this business. She has a certain feminine talent for being delicately oblivious when she is expected to be as deaf, dumb, and blind as the fruit which typifies her. Besides, she learns things for herself, which may be of use, when, instead of being a gooseberry, she has a gooseberry of her own. A little boy often turns out to be, what the French call, a "terrible infant." He is sharp, and is as anxious to whet his faculties upon discoveries as a baby is to bring out its first teeth by exercising the gums upon a coral. Not a hand-squeeze escapes him, once his curiosity, his sense of humour, or the spirit of mischief which belongs to his age has been aroused. He treasures up the signs and tokens of affection which he alights upon as if they were so many birds' eggs, which he procures for the purpose of showing to others. He keeps the young lady and gentleman intrusted to him in a state of constant irritation. He can burst into a drawing-room with an intuitive knowledge of soft circumstances which is simply miraculous. He is never deceived by acting. Bribery only magnifies him from a pest into a terror. He levies black mail until you are tired of surfeiting his appetite for confectionery, and then tells everything, when he is brought in for dessert, before a room full of company.

The compromise, to which we referred above, in the gooseberry business is where sister number two is supplied with a gentleman in waiting who happens to be a friend to the gentleman spooning with sister number one. This is, indeed, the only way to render things agreeable to all parties. Under such circumstances, it is rather pleasant to be a gooseberry than otherwise. People can no more suspect you of doing anything on your own account than they can suspect the second fiddle in an orchestra of playing a first violin solo. Your partner is similarly placed. You both feel that you are unselfishly performing an act of virtue almost as sacred and as necessary as that of burying the dead. You feel for each other a common regard which ripens into friendship. A young lady called on to do gooseberry with a male assistant goes through her work with positive cheerfulness. She never complains of the amount of exercise which the position involves, for there is a great deal of walking between people in love. She is ready to sacrifice herself freely, and all the more so if her companion is not disagreeable. If she falls in love with him (an accident which has before now occurred), she does so under peculiarly favourable opportunities for delicious intervals of billing and cooing. She and her fellow-gooseberry always walk behind the first lady and the first gentleman of the little comedy, and they can see without being seen. Besides being considered as secondary characters, they are exempt from perpetual sentries. Then the affair has the charm of being a little wicked and almost treacherous, and to many women a small amount of innocent wickedness and harmless treachery is an irresistible incentive. The gooseberry, supposed to be more or less vegetable, to have no special thoughts, feelings, or desires, secretly thinks as warmly as Mr. Tennyson's "Talking Oak." Here there is a tinge of that hypocrisy which is so much a matter of sex as not to be even a fault. As for the associate in the common fault, the guilty man, most people readily forgive him. He could scarce help himself, or rather he helped himself when he could, for which the world is unwilling to blame any one. It is, therefore, at most a venial sin for gooseberries to endeavour to solace their loneliness and to succeed on the principle of mutual admiration. If there is one thing more than another which unmarried people regard with impatience, it is the sight of two other unmarried people supremely happy in each other's society. Philosophy, friendship, and ties of blood may prevent an outward indication of jealousy, but jealousy is sure to exist, and gooseberries feel it, maid-servants experience it when they bring their mistresses love-letters, and bridesmaids are ready to burst with it when the prize catch of the year has been netted by a companion after whose train they walk clothed in modesty and muslin.

Although we can find in books that one Sir Anthony Ashley



brought cabbages into England, we cannot discover the precise date at which the term gooseberry was converted into the signification in which we are treating it. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as we might, in coming upon the first gooseberry, see in her or in him some primitive qualities which have degenerated by transmission. The Spanish duenna did not resemble our gooseberry, nor would Juliet's nurse fulfil altogether the conditions necessary for it. That it must have grown out of an old social institution of the country is probable from the fact that they have discarded it, or never had it, in America. Its use as a restriction upon intimacy was not perhaps fully recognised in a new land. Besides the Dutch settlers and the *May Flower* cargo wooed and won respectively at either side of a stove or a big chimney in presence of the old people, who read out Biblical courtings as commentaries upon their own solemn love passages. At the present day, gooseberries flourish neither in Canada nor in New York. Young ladies and gentlemen ride and drive, or walk, or go to church, or sleigh in pairs, without the presence of a gooseberry or a dragon. In France, where gooseberries, in our sense of the word, are unknown, there arises a complaint that love-making before marriage is impossible, and that after marriage it is only permissible between married people who are not married to each other. This latter custom is repugnant to our English ideas, although the theatres make occasional efforts to familiarize us with it. We should therefore preserve our social gooseberry, upon grounds of morality as well as good sense, for we are more likely without it to become as bad as the French than to become as safe as the Americans. Even when there is no special occasion for her interference, the gooseberry adds a pleasure to love-making. We have here indicated how gooseberries may enjoy themselves, and the receipt is neither difficult nor likely to eventuate unsuccessfully, if the female gooseberry but first catch her hare; seize upon the raw material, the rest is easy enough. It is impossible for a youth to resist the fever if he is perseveringly subjected to a hot atmosphere. Gooseberries of a certain age should therefore insist upon an eligible companion as a perquisite. Let them hint to the sister or the cousin for whom they undertake this office, that they cannot, with a safe conscience, or with a right temper, carry out their duties alone. The least that the sister's or the cousin's lover can do is to supply the indispensable preliminary. He should be made to understand that it is incumbent upon him to make the gooseberry a present of a well-favoured assistant before a single bracelet will be accepted from him by the lady to whom he pays attentions. This system would at once place affairs on a proper footing, and it would perhaps help to mitigate the complaints of mothers with unmarried daughters, to find the chances multiplied of bringing down men in couples.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

An unpleasant character has been given to the debate on the French Army Organization Bill by some of the remarks of M. Rouher. The eventuality of war was rather too openly discussed, and the military resources of France and of the North German Confederation were somewhat pointedly compared. Yet it is not to be denied that the enormous aggregation of military power now going on in Germany and in some other countries is calculated to render France uneasy, and to justify an increase of her own resources, however objectionable several of the provisions of the Bill may seem to us. The Confederation of the North, said M. Rouher, has just concluded the constitution of its army, and in eight-and-forty hours could place on foot an effective of regulars amounting to about 1,300,000 men. With the addition to North Germany of the South German States, which is sure to occur sooner or later, and may not be very far distant, this immense sum total will of course be largely increased. Then, the Russian effective on a war footing may be raised to 1,440,000 men; that of Austria to 1,200,000; and that of Italy to 900,000. All these numbers are exclusive of National Guards and volunteers, where such exist. Of regular troops, France only requires 800,000; but to these must be added 400,000 National Guards, making a total of 1,200,000. M. Rouher said he merely wanted a defensive force, but he acknowledged that, if France were attacked, he should require an army large enough to carry the war into the enemy's territory. All this is dismal talk with which to approach a New Year; but it must in fairness be admitted that France is not without justification in surrounding facts for taking precautions of some kind. The New Year's Day speech of the Emperor to the foreign representatives at the Tuileries reception

is not yet before us; but the interchange of civilities between his Majesty and the Minister of the North German Confederation, whose reception took place on the 31st ult., was just as suave and as vague as such utterances usually are.

DURING the debate on the Army Bill, M. Carnot, son of the celebrated M. Carnot who distinguished himself as a great organizer of military affairs in the days of the first Republic and the first Empire, introduced an amendment which would have had the effect of relieving conscripts of a considerable burden. He proposed that conscripts who cannot find substitutes shall only be compelled to serve one year in the active army, provided that they have received a good elementary education, and that they understand the use of arms and the duties of a soldier. According to the Government proposal, those who cannot find others to take their places must serve five years in the active army, and four in the reserve; but the proposition of M. Carnot, while leaving this arrangement untouched in the case of the ignorant and unsoldierly, would have granted a premium to education and efficiency, and would have placed exoneration from military service on other bases than money payment. M. Carnot avowed that his object was to reduce the great evil of large standing armies, and in the course of his speech he very pertinently remarked:—

"The mere fact of the existence of a large standing army tends to enervate a nation by giving it the habit of not relying upon itself to protect its honour and interests. It tends to pervert the heads of States by giving the fullest scope to their ambition and rashness. It is often a thunderbolt in the hands of a child or a madman. Except for armies always ready for action, it would be impossible to account for certain enterprises about which the people whom they ruin are, to say the least, indifferent; as, the great wars of dynastic successions of the eighteenth century, and, in the nineteenth, those monstrous anachronisms of a war under the pretext of rivalry of races in Mexico, and a war under the pretext of religion in Italy."

This is unquestionably true; but in the present frame of the public mind in France such doctrines are not likely to be listened to, and, with the gigantic military power of Prussia growing up on the eastern frontier, it is hardly to be expected.

Two Imperial rescripts have been addressed by the Emperor of Austria, the one to Baron von Beust, and the other to Count Andrassy. The former relieves the Baron from further action as President of the Council of Ministers for the countries represented by the Reichsrath, and commands him to perform, as Minister for the whole Empire, the duties he has hitherto discharged for a part. Ministries of Foreign Affairs, of War, and of Finance, for the whole Empire, are also to be established in accordance with the Constitution, and a new future thus opens for Austria, with better chances of success than those of former years. The rescript addressed to Count Andrassy conveys to him the Emperor's thanks for his efficient co-operation in bringing about the reconciliation between Hungary and Austria, but does not appoint him to any office. These documents are remarkable, as showing the immense advance which has been made of late towards the removal of the long-standing difficulties which divided the Empire from the Kingdom. Some questions yet remain to be settled; some subjects of disagreement have still to be smoothed over; but the greater part of the road has been traversed, and nothing but the grossest folly can prevent the desired end from being reached. Even a year ago, he would have been a bold man who should have prophesied that at the end of 1867 Hungary and Austria would have been on such good terms. Two years ago, there was no sign of such a thing. The change speaks well for the good sense of both parties, and forms a favourable augury for 1868.

A STRANGE sort of society has recently been established at St. Petersburg. It is called "The Slavonian Committee appointed to regulate the scientific intercourse between all Slave Nationalities." The draft of the statutes of this society has been submitted to the Government for sanction, and it is universally desired that the association should be placed under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction. That the scientific character of this body is a pretence can hardly be doubted, and it is sufficiently obvious that the design is really political. The society has apparently arisen out of the Pan-Slavonic conference held some months ago at Moscow, and is an expression of that movement towards Russia as the head of their race which has recently been so marked among all the Slavonic nations. Unquestionably the Slavonic race has a very important future, and it is now feeling its way in the



provinces of European Turkey, cautiously, yet with increasing boldness as Russia more and more declares herself the "natural" protector of the Oriental Christians. A congress of Russian diplomatists is now sitting at St. Petersburg, consisting of the Russian Ambassadors at Constantinople, Paris, and Vienna, who confer under the presidency of Prince Gortchakoff. The object of their deliberations is to decide on some line of policy in view of the complications likely to arise in Turkey; and, if we may believe what is freely stated in Continental journals, Russia is doing her best to hasten those complications by active propagandism in Crete, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina. The Turkish Government has recently made some liberal concessions to the Cretans; yet the insurrection continues, and even gathers force.

THE Ministerial crisis in Italy still continues. General Menabrea has endeavoured to obtain the support of the Piedmontese party, but has failed, and the reconstruction of the Cabinet seems to have come to a standstill. The King, however, remarked at the New Year's Day reception that "the position of Italy had improved within the last few months." It is to be regretted that he did not show how.

THE Italian Minister of Finance exhibits a budget for the year 1868, which shows a surplus of about eight millions sterling in the expenditure over the revenue. A tax must be levied somewhere, but where is the question. There is a rumour of a tax on flour, on wine, on oil, on silk, and from these imposts it is expected that about six millions would be obtained, leaving a deficit of two millions "to be provided for in the future." Italy has a great deal to provide for in the future.

THE last act of the Mexican tragedy was the bringing of the embalmed corpse of Maximilian from Vera Cruz, of which we learn from a letter dated November 25th. The key of the coffin was handed to the mayor, who delivered it with all formality to Admiral Tegethoff. Maximilian was dressed in a full suit of black, his hands cased in black kid-gloves. The features were distinguishable, although described as being of an "ashy brown colour." The ship *Navara*, which brought the Emperor to rule over the country, was selected to carry off his remains, and sailed away with its dismal freight without military honours. The Mexican Government paid the undertakers' and the embalmers' accounts, and defrayed the charges for conveying the corpse to the port of departure.

THE despatches on the *Alabama* claims recently published in the American papers, taken in conjunction with the statements made in the President's Message, do not place the points at issue in a very hopeful light. It will be recollected that Lord Stanley, departing from the very high ground assumed by Earl Russell, consented to submit to arbitration the question of our liability for the damages inflicted on American commerce by the piratical vessel that had been fitted out in our dockyards; but, at the same time, he refused to include in the arbitration the further question whether we had a right to recognise the Confederate States as a belligerent Power. This, he said, was a purely domestic matter, in which he could not think of being ruled by the decision of any umpire whatever. Here, then, the negotiations have broken down. According to the expression of Mr. Adams, nothing more can be expected from them, Mr. Seward having written to him to say that the conditions are inadmissible, and that "the proposed limited reference is therefore declined." The question will remain for an indefinite period a thorn in the side of both nations, and we can only hope that petulance, or jealousy, or the machinations of violent and reckless men, will not succeed in converting a disagreement into a disastrous and deadly feud. The matter is now to go before Congress, where it is likely to be debated with more heat than reason. Americans who wish us well would prefer that the subject was not acted upon directly by the public opinion of their country, and would prefer a diplomatic settlement of the issues.

THE accounts from the Southern States of America continue to be very doleful. In Louisiana thousands are said to be in danger of starving, and in various places the "irrepressible negro" is giving a good deal of trouble, or exciting considerable alarm. Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, has issued a

proclamation announcing that a general apprehension was entertained that the negroes were forming conspiracies to seize forcibly on lands unless they were distributed among them by Congress by the first day of the new year. It is a sign of the extraordinary simplicity of these people that they should conceive such a project, and that the Governor should consider it necessary to inform them that the desired distribution is impossible. The proclamation assures the blacks that any conspiracy on their part will be discovered and frustrated, and urges them to work and obey the laws. Military precautions have been taken against any attempt at violence, and not without reason, as at Albertson, Georgia, a fight has occurred between the whites and the negroes, in which the sheriff was killed. The Richmond negroes were about to give a reception to General Butler, and the coloured gentlemen altogether seem to be bestirring themselves. In the meanwhile, the House of Representatives has determined by a large majority to adhere to the Reconstruction Act, and has censured the President for proposing its repeal.

RUMOURS come thick and fast from Abyssinia. There is some talk of the captives having been released from their chains, and even of their being speedily granted their freedom. It is very doubtful, however, whether they will ever be set at liberty, except by the operations of the British army, or in fear of the immediate presence of our forces. Mr. Rassam, writing from Magdala under date the 28th of October, speaks of the Emperor as being pressed by his foes, and recommends that we should procure the appointment of a new Aboona, or Metropolitan of Abyssinia, favourable to our interests. This ecclesiastic has immense influence over the people, and he would doubtless be a useful ally.

THE French press, referring to Fenianism, on the whole inclines to sympathize with us rather than with the Irish. One paper, the *Situation*, possesses a London correspondent of the sensation order who treats the Parisians to some lively fictions such as the intention of the Fenians to take the Queen's life at the opening of Parliament, and the determined attitude of America, which is described as being fatally threatening to England.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper has just been issued comparing the elementary education possessed by persons marrying in the year 1865, in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The percentage of husbands who could not write was represented in Ireland by 40, in England by 22, and in Scotland by 11. That of the wives was much larger, being 52 in Ireland, 31 in England, and 22 in Scotland. This return goes some way to show what doubtless is the fact, that the Scotch people, as a rule, are generally better educated than either the English or Irish, but it would be too much to say that the figures extracted from the marriage returns fairly represent the actual state of education. They are almost quite as useful as statistics of morality as of education. It may be true that a large number of uneducated English and Irish marry yearly, but then, how many uneducated Scotch are there who dispense with that ceremony altogether or content themselves with irregular marriages, which require them neither to write their names or put their marks, and of which there is no record whatever?

A "CAVALRY OFFICER" writes to the *Times* inclosing twenty-one letters received from money-lenders in the year 1867, and all offering accommodation. As the writer has been more than twelve years in the service, we may be tolerably safe in assuming that the number of money-lenders who assail youths on their first entering the army is by no means confined to the twenty-one who pressed their kindness upon the cavalry officer. The legal disability which infancy confers upon young officers seems to be rather an aid than an impediment to these worthies. They get their unfortunate dupe to pledge himself that he will not plead minority, and then as soon as the debt, frequently composed of one-fourth money lent and three-fourths interest, has attained the requisite dimensions, an action is commenced; and if the young officer's friends put in a plea of infancy, the money-lender appeals to the War-office authorities, stating that the money was advanced upon a promise not to have recourse to this plea, and that to resort to it now is dishonourable. When we remember the number of young men whom these harpies involve in irretrievable ruin, we are inclined to look with some favour upon the suggestion made by one of the *Times*' corre-



spondents, that the War Office should not assist people who come before them with such dirty hands as the money-lenders generally display.

A RECENT decision of Judge Battersby, in the case of Mills against Craig, heard in the Provincial Court of the Archbishop of Dublin, has placed the military chaplains, serving in England or Ireland, at the mercy of the parochial clergy. It is, it seems, unlawful for chaplains in the army to officiate in barrack chapels or perform ministerial functions without license from the bishop of the diocese, and permission from the incumbent of the parish wherein their barracks may be situated. Hence it follows that the chaplaincies to garrisons may be claimed by the local rectors and vicars in the same way that chaplaincies to prisons and poor-houses are claimed by them. By this interpretation of the law a large revenue is virtually added to the Irish Establishment. In fact, at present, all the military chaplaincies in Ireland, excepting four, namely those at the Curragh, Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, are now held by parochial clergymen. An appeal has been lodged against Judge Battersby's decision, for the purpose of gaining time, it is said, to introduce a special Act of Parliament to legalize the services of military chaplains.

THE Queen has recently conferred the Victoria Cross upon Major William Spottiswood Trevor and Lieutenant James Dundas, of the Royal (late Bengal) Engineers for gallant conduct in an attack on a fort. They had to climb up a wall which was fourteen feet high, and then to enter a house occupied by some two hundred desperate men, head foremost, through an opening not more than two feet wide. This service was rendered as far back as 1865, and it is difficult to see why the decoration could not have been conferred much earlier, and those brave men have worn their honours a year and a half ago. We are glad to find that the Victoria Cross is to be conferred for deeds of civil as well as of military heroism; but there is one anomaly in connection with the distinction which ought to be done away with. We understand that a non-commissioned officer who has been recommended for a commission cannot receive his commission and the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct in the field. He either gets one or the other, but never both.

CHAIRMEN of Boards of Guardians, as well as the chief little men of vestries, have a natural dislike to investigations of all kinds, and we are not surprised at finding Mr. La Touche, of Naas, coming forward to contradict the statements of a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who gave an account of the Curragh "wrens." According to Mr. La Touche, the Naas Union is a refuge of an attractive kind, and nothing but a strong taste for vice and misery impels the "wrens" to go out and die under the furze-bushes of the Curragh. The *Pall Mall* writer defends himself by quoting from an authorized report, in which a horrible description of the Naas workhouse is set down, and this report covers the period at which Mr. La Touche produces a voucher, in the shape of a general officer, who certified to the comforts and cleanliness of the union.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* supports the illegal and snobbish system of paying fancy prices for steps. It insists on the "custom" of the next man for promotion paying for his place, not the regulation sum, but on a scale which may be three or four times as much. Our contemporary attempts to justify this by showing that, as the fashion pervades all through the ranks of promotion, each officer who sells out has a right to be reimbursed what he has advanced for his position. How long would this "custom" be permitted to obtain in any other country but our own which wanted to make soldiers of its officers?

THE Irish National League, a body patronized by the O'Donoghue, and which occasionally catches a magistrate for a chairman, at a special meeting, recently held, passed a vote of sympathy with Mr. John Martin, who is about to take his trial for his part in the Dublin Fenian procession. Personally, Mr. Martin is popular, being a man of considerable property, which he devotes almost entirely to charity. His enthusiasm, however, leads him into dangerous declarations of opinion; and it is a pity that a man, no longer young, should have subjected himself to the risk of being punished by laws which once dealt mercifully with him.

WE are sorry to learn from the accounts of the tobacco trade that a very serious damage has been done to cigars by the last three steamers. Cigars in London have become so dear that nothing worth smoking can be bought under eightpence, a price for a single cigar which places the luxury above the reach of a good many capable of appreciating and enjoying it. Could not smokers co-operate in some way, and defy the dealers, who are making far more exorbitant profits on this commodity than even the butchers upon meat?

## FINE ARTS.

### MUSIC.

THE new piece, "Our Quiet Chateau," produced at the Gallery of Illustration on "Boxing-night," although classed as musical, offers but slight subject for comment under that head; and, indeed, but little claim to consideration under its dramatic aspect. The quartet of actors, Miss Annie Sinclair, Mrs. German Reed, Mr. John Parry, and Mr. Reed, are provided with the usual alternations of character by which their versatile powers are brought into play. The quiet chateau in Brittany, by some mistake let to various occupants in search of retirement and repose, which, of course, they do not find—the series of odd encounters and blunders ensuing therefrom, and the opportunity for two or three of Mr. Parry's inimitable character sketches (especially that of the demonstrative Frenchman), afford a thread, slight enough in construction, on which to hang some four or five small musical pieces by Miss Virginia Gabriel, none of which rise beyond the average dilettante style. The best of these is a song, "Little Flowers," sung with much refinement and expression by Miss Sinclair, and encored. The piece, however, is too weak in every respect to maintain any permanent stand; the author, Mr. Reece, having been less successful in construction and dialogue than in some of his previous productions.

A very good performance of Haydn's "Creation," by the National Choral Society, on Wednesday night, was welcome, as a change from the many repetitions of the "Messiah" and "Elijah," to which grand and solemn works Haydn's bright and genial style affords an agreeable relief. Masterly as the music of the "Creation" is, full of melodic beauty, harmonic richness, and even learned writing, it falls far below its subject in that grandeur of conception and sublimity of style which such a theme demands. An occasional hearing, however, is always welcome; first, from the intrinsic merit of the music (apart from its intention); next, as affording valuable opportunity for estimating the far sublimer genius of Handel and Mendelssohn. Mr. Martin's chorus was bright and effective on Wednesday night—the bass solos were splendidly declaimed by Mr. Santley; those for the soprano sung with much refinement by Miss Banks; and those for the tenor, with better intention than fulfilment, by Mr. Kerr Gedge.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE great dramatic event of this Christmas has unquestionably been the production of Mr. Charles Dickens's and Mr. Wilkie Collins's story of "No Thoroughfare" at the Adelphi. Why the authors and the management thought proper to launch this important work—important in a literary, if not in a dramatic sense—amidst the half-drunken hubbub of a Boxing-night is best known to themselves. It is not a great drama, but it is far more actable and successful than many persons fancied it would be who had read the story in the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, and thought it would be merely pitchforked on to the stage in its literary shape. It has been wisely altered for the theatre in many essential points, and the alterations have improved it as a drama, though not as a literary production. Its great defect is one of construction. It has two distinct stories that have the very slightest connection with each other, and which, to a great extent, encumber each other. There is the Wilding story and there is the Obenreizer story. Either of these stories would have been sufficient for one drama—the latter being certainly the most effective and dramatic; but the authors, like hundreds of authors before them, have thought that it was not possible to cram too much complication into their plot, and have made a grave mistake. A few days ago we had to make some objections to Mr. Boucicault's new comedy on precisely similar grounds. If trained critics, paid to follow the windings of two plots at one time—an operation almost as difficult as that of playing two games of chess simultaneously—find it no easy matter to carry away a clear



notion of the narrative, in what condition must the ordinary playgoer be? The best and most enduring dramas contain one simple idea or story, clearly worked out, and no more.

In the Adelphi version of "No Thoroughfare," the scene opens with the foundling portion of the story, very nicely played, very prettily put upon the stage, and giving Mrs. Billington an opportunity of showing rare powers as an actress of pathos; but, after a few scenes, we depart from this portion of the romance: a new interest—which we may call the Obenreizer interest—arises. Wilding, after weakly figuring in a "carpenter's scene," dies, and the only hold the remaining portion of this part of the story has upon the main interest is through Joey Ladle, the comic cellarman, and Sally Goldstraw, the nurse, who, in defiance of all probability, are dragged to the top of the Alps in midwinter to bring all the characters on the stage for the curtain. This may be a necessary sacrifice to the great Demon of Tableaux, but it is very inartistic construction. The whole of the Alpine business is forced upon the story for the sake of effect. Vendale is a wine merchant, whose connection would naturally be with the south of Europe; but the cause which takes him to Italy is a forgery on one of his correspondents in Switzerland (where very little known wine is made), who happens to be in Milan, where his partner has been taken ill on a journey. Everything appears to happen by the will of the authors, and not to follow any logical sequence of events. Much reliance has doubtless been placed upon the fact that the story is known to a wide circle of playgoers in its printed form, but this is not dramatic construction. The playbill is full of precise statements which mean nothing, such as "Ten o'clock by the clock of St. Paul's," when it might have been any other hour of the day or night. There is also a mystery introduced with regard to the parentage of Obenreizer, which ends in nothing. The drama, in fact, like the story, will owe its success to its literary merit, the distinguished names of the two authors, aided, in the case of the play, by the strength of the "cast." Mr. Fechter plays with excellent force as Obenreizer, the villain of the piece, but we wish he would not dress himself like a prize-fighter in travelling costume towards the close of the piece; Mr. Benjamin Webster is most humorous and artistic as Joey Ladle, the solemn cellarman, who is here provided with a sweetheart in the person of Sally Goldstraw. Sally Goldstraw is most naturally represented by Mrs. Alfred Mellon, who has only one fault, she grows younger and younger in every act, and ends a girl, though she begins as a nurse. Mrs. Billington's acting in the introduction—affectedly called an "overture"—is perfect; Mr. Neville is a sensible Vendale, Mr. Belmore a humorous and effective Lawyer Bintry, and Miss Leclercq interesting as Marguerite; Mr. Billington as Wilding has a very weak part. The scenery is beautiful—the Alpine pass, by Mr. Grieve, being one of the most impressive pictures ever put upon the stage. The last act has been judiciously condensed since the first representation, and the drama, which is in six acts, and still plays four hours, will most probably be a success.

The pantomime at Drury Lane is always a great feature of the Christmas holidays, and if its transformation scene this year is more simple in construction, and its "comic business" is less riotous than on former occasions, still quite enough glitter and "fun" is given to the lovers of pantomime. Mr. E. L. Blanchard is the best writer of pantomimes in the market, Mr. Beverley is unequalled as a fancy scene-painter. Mr. J. H. Tully is a most adaptable composer and arranger of incidental music, and Mr. J. Cormack is a good and experienced ballet-master. These four cooks have had good material to work upon—the story of "Jack the Giant-killer" being capable of effective stage treatment, and familiar to everybody. The introduction is furnished with some excellent working giants, about fifteen feet high; a clever clog-dancer, Mr. Irving, who plays Jack, and a very pretty ballet-scene and ballet. The comic business is the "slowest" part of the piece, but that may be easily altered and improved. This pantomime is provided with a principal dancer, a diminutive clown, two character-dancers, a juggler, and a comic scene that have already figured at a large London music-hall.

The pantomime at Covent Garden is a very elegant production, with a transformation scene, in which the artist, Mr. Matthew Morgan, has avoided tinsel as much as possible. The subject is "The Babes in the Wood," the author is Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, the scene-painters are Messrs. Morgan and Craven (the latter providing a very effective forest-scene), the stage-manager is Mr. A. Harris, and the chief actors are the Payne Family, Mr. Stoye, Mr. John Clarke, Miss Amy Sheridan, and the Misses Harris. The Paynes still hold their ground as the first pantomimists of the day, but they have one great fault—they never know when to leave off. When Mr. Payne,

senior, takes the stage he takes it for an hour, and his elaborate and excellent fooling becomes tiresome. The leading idea of a transformation scene is a representation of the seasons, that is, of winter, spring, and summer; and summer is a broad, bright picture, alive with girls, and adorned with a light golden galley with lace sails, that is very charming. Mr. Stoye has an amusing burlesque melodramatic part of a kind not altogether new to the modern stage, but still very diverting. The pantomime plays nearly four hours.

Mr. Buckstone has produced a new three-act drama at the Haymarket, under the title of "A Wife well Won," which has the double merit of being the most compact and effective play that the author, Mr. Edmund Falconer, has given to the stage, and the most interesting piece in which Mr. Sothorn has yet appeared. It is founded on M. Paul de Kock's story of "The Man with the Three Pair of Breeches," a subject that has been dramatized before for some of the local theatres. Mr. Falconer has brought out the farcical as distinguished from the political significance of the breeches, and in this he has doubtless been helped by the chief actor, Mr. Sothorn. Mr. Sothorn doubtless feels that he has less hold upon his audience when he indulges in passion and pathos than when he is representing the half-serious, half-farcical side of a character. His love-making borders on burlesque, but he plays briskly, and never allows the stage to go to sleep,—two merits that ought not to be overlooked. In this drama he has the valuable assistance of Miss Robertson as the heroine, a young lady who is sympathetic, ladylike, and expressive; and he has also, in a lesser degree, the valuable assistance of Mr. Buckstone in a serio-comic part. The drama was very successful, and, wonderful to relate, will want no cutting. The Haymarket burlesque is on the melo-dramatic subject of the "Brigand," the author being Mr. G. à Beckett. The fun of this piece consists in making Alessandro Massaroni—a part associated with the elder Wallack—a henpecked, cowardly pickpocket, the ruling brigand being Alessandro's wife. These two characters are represented by Mr. Compton and Miss Ione Burke, and the general cast is good as far as names go; but burlesque never seems to thrive on the Haymarket boards, and the company seem to act it as if they were doing penance.

The Lyceum has all the materials of an excellent pantomime, likely to amuse old and young, but these are badly put together at present, and want the illuminating power of the lime-light. The performances hitherto have been more like rehearsals than anything else.

The Christmas pantomime at the Holborn Theatre is a modification of an old Lyceum burlesque by Albert Smith and Mr. Charles Kenney, the re-adapter being the surviving author, Mr. Kenney. The subject is "Valentine and Orson," and the original cast included Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Alfred Wigan, and other actors of celebrity. At the Holborn Theatre the introduction is chiefly sustained by Miss Charlotte Saunders and Miss Goodall, and it leads to a harlequinade in which Mr. Rowena, called the "Great Little," is clown. There is a very good principal dancer in the company, and a very meagre ballet.

## SCIENCE.

### SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

A PARABOLIC reflector for employment in microscopic work has been constructed by Mr. Collins, of Titchfield-street, and seems likely to come into general use among histologists. The reflector itself is a large silvered concave one, of the parabolic form, and it is attached to a sort of metal chimney, which is perforated at the side opposite the reflector, and which slides over the ordinary chimney of the microscope-lamp. The advantages of this contrivance are the concentration of a large bundle of parallel rays of light and the removal of the diffused rays so as to cut off light from surrounding objects. The flame of the lamp is of course placed in the focus of the reflector. From what we have seen of the instrument we consider it admirably adapted to the wants of the microscopist.

A paper recently read before the Academy of Sciences of Vienna, by Herr Brücke, will be of interest to those who have watched the peculiar molecular movements which are sometimes styled—after their discoverer—Brownian movements. Herr Brücke concludes from his observations that these movements are due to the existence of currents in the fluids containing the molecules. The particles frequently move in a direction contrary to that imposed by gravity.

It is announced that the first volume of the Abbé Moigno's



"Lectures on Analytical Mechanics" has just been published. Three other volumes are to follow and to complete the work. These are to be devoted to—Dynamics, Industrial Statics, and Industrial Mechanics.

An American journal states that the light of petroleum lamps is immensely improved by adding a quantity of common salt to the oil!

Herr Biesiadecki has laid before the Vienna Academy a memoir on the structure of the human skin. In this he states his opinions as to the relation of the several layers of the integument, and we observe that his views are very like those some years since advanced by Professor Huxley. According to his observations, the cells of the mucus layer of the epidermis arise from a mass of *protoplasm* with nuclei which strictly belongs to the corium or true skin. This corresponds very closely to Professor Huxley's *protomorphie line* or *zone of indifferent tissue*. The author's pathological observations are of much professional interest.

Father Secchi has devised a simplified eye-piece spectroscope. Having found that the ordinary eye-pieces diminish the intensity of the red portion of the spectrum, he has constructed a cylindrical eye-piece of about 0.07 metre in focal length, which he has substituted for the ordinary eye-piece in his simplified spectroscope. The results obtained with the new contrivance have been, says Father Secchi, admirable.

It is said that M. Claude Bernard will be selected to fill the vacancy in the Académie Française, caused by the death of M. Flourens.

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences M. Chevreul announced the death of the veteran mechanician, M. le Général Poncelet. M. Poncelet replaced Hachette in 1834, and his name was familiar to all students of hydraulics, in connection with the celebrated curved water-wheel known as Poncelet's Wheel.

From a report made to the French authorities by M. Yvon Villarceau, it would seem that the Paris Observatory is liable to the same disturbances as the one at Greenwich. M. Yvon Villarceau states that it is impossible to make precise observations, owing to the vibration of the ground and the sound of the neighbouring bells. He suggests that some new site for an observatory should be selected, and he suggests Fontenay-aux-Roses. M. Leverrier, however, the French Astronomer Royal, thinks that by altering its surrounding conditions, the present observatory may be made to answer all the purposes for which it is intended.

M. E. Bouchotte alleges that he has arrived at some peculiar conclusions regarding the influence of electro-magnetic currents. He has found that the introduction of a voltameter with acidulated water into the circuit of a magneto-electric apparatus gives rise to very energetic phenomena of polarization.

M. Jourdain has just published a splendid memoir on the anatomy of the star-fish, *Asteracanthion rubens*. He finds that, as formerly pointed out by Milne Edwards, the general cavity of the body is completely closed. It is filled with a limpid liquid charged with corpuscles of a diameter of about 1-60th of a millimetre. These globules are covered with cilia. He has not been able to discover the wonderful circulatory apparatus which is so frequently described by writers on Echinodermata; and he believes the so-called heart to be nothing more than a glandular body. M. Jourdain's essay deserves the attention of anatomists.

M. Decaisne, who has just produced, conjointly with M. Lemaont, a treatise on "Descriptive and Analytical Botany," has presented a copy of his work to the French Academy.

M. Blanchard has also presented to the Academy a copy of his beautifully-illustrated book on the development, metamorphoses, and habits of insects and crustacea. One of our London publishers intends giving an English version of this work, and we believe he will find the venture a thoroughly successful one.

The anatomy of one of the worms, *Perichæta cingulata*, has been taken up for investigation by M. Léon Vaillant. He has pointed out all the features which relate this species to the *Lumbrici*, and especially to *L. terrestris*.

A paper has been read by M. Brücke before the Vienna Academy of Sciences, on the subject of the red blood corpuscles. In it the author enters into more minutæ concerning the relation of the nucleus to the rest of the globule than has been attempted by previous workers.

At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society, Mr. A. Tribe read a paper, in which he tried to prove that the analogy which Professor Tyndall attempts to establish between the expansion during cooling of water and bismuth is imperfect. Mr. Tribe states that in the case of the molten metal "there is no perceptible range of temperature through which it expands on cooling."

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THOSE who looked for some recovery during the year 1867 from the general gloom and depression which followed the crisis of 1866 have been doomed to disappointment. There never has been, within the memory of this generation, a similar period of stagnation and hopeless inaction. This is not alone due to the natural consequences of the reckless speculations of the last few years—these would have spent themselves long since if the evil had not been continually aggravated by the action of the cumbrous machinery of the Court of Chancery in its helpless endeavours to wind-up insolvent companies. The practical effect of the interference of this Court has been to exhaust in expensive legal processes the funds that should have been available to pay creditors—to ruin the unfortunate shareholders and debtors, and bring disgrace on the administration of the law. The only parties who have benefited by this disgraceful and iniquitous system have been the accountants and lawyers employed in developing this system of liquidation. There are extensive offices in the City of London whose sole business it is to "wind-up" the companies committed to the care of the lawyers and accountants who rent them. These offices employ hundreds, we might say thousands, of clerks, whose sole employment it is to pursue the unfortunates who happened to be shareholders when the evil day of failure came. Not only have numbers of families been thus broken up and ruined beyond hope, but larger numbers of merchants and professional men have lost their all, and have also had to pledge a portion of their earnings for years to come, in order to relieve themselves from liabilities on account of which they never received a shilling. Our correspondents tell us of instances in which some have mortgaged a portion of their earnings for years to come, and of others who have pledged themselves to pay such sums as £500 or £1,000 per annum for ten and even a larger number of years. It is not merely to the losses which have been sustained, but to the continuance of the evil in this and other forms, that continued depression may be attributed. Railway property, too, has not only greatly depreciated in value from bad financial management, but is in an altogether unsatisfactory position as regards commercial management. The various boards of directors, like rival tradesmen, so manage their business as to afford the least possible accommodation to the public. If the South Western Railway, for instance, carry daily hundreds of passengers to Waterloo who would like to go to Cannon-street by the South Eastern Railway with the least possible loss of time, it is perfectly in keeping with present usage that the South Eastern Railway should so arrange their trains as that these passengers cannot possibly use their line. It is true the shareholders in each company lose business, and consequently lose money; but the rival boards carry out their peculiar policies, and gratify their personal or official prejudices to their hearts' content. Until shareholders insist on the management of their property on strict business principles, dividends are not likely to grow in the face of the many adverse influences which have to be encountered. When a sense of the mischief which had been wrought by the gross mismanagement of joint-stock companies first dawned on the public, a victim of some sort was demanded to satisfy offended justice, and Mr. Wilkinson was tried and convicted of plundering the Joint-Stock Discount Company. It is doubtful whether if he had been tried now he would have been convicted. We have since learned so much more of the doings and neglects of directors that we are inclined to press less hardly on responsible managers. We understand that a civil action is likely to be tried shortly, in which Mr. Wilkinson will be produced as a witness for the plaintiff, so that he may tell his own story on oath, and we should not be surprised if, in the result, he is able to shift a portion of blame from off his own shoulders. The best mode of managing joint-stock companies is to appoint two or three competent directors, who shall devote all their time to the management of the business. Such men should be well paid and held responsible for every act done. We should soon hear less of mismanagement, and so soon as the incompetent directors had been tried and found wanting, and competent ones appointed in their stead, we might expect to see a satisfactory development of industrial undertakings under limited liability companies.

The West-end tradesmen complain sadly of want of business, and, justly or unjustly, attribute it in some measure to the almost total absence of the Court from London. This has now continued for some years, and will work great mischief if allowed to go on. We have heard it said that her Majesty the Queen intends this year to break through the habits of the last few summers, and that we may look forward to a season of unusual activity and gaiety.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## SMILES'S HUGUENOT SETTLEMENTS.\*

In literature, as in natural history, there are certain phenomena which as yet baffle all attempts at explanation. It is easy to sneer at Mr. Tupper's triumphs, but who can understand them? They are most palpable, unquestionable facts. Mr. Smiles is a very different type of writer from the author of the "Proverbial Philosophy,"—an honest, laborious worker, a clever compiler, and an unpretentious biographer; but giving him full credit for being all these, one still finds it difficult to conceive how his "Self-Help" could have reached a circulation of 75,000, and his "Lives of George and Robert Stephenson" a circulation of 30,000. The former book, as everybody knows, is a commonplace biographical sermon to young men, a sort of dilution into the goody cant of the day of Carlyle's preachments of earnestness, as trite as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and as Philistine as the common pig-headed Briton for whom it was written and who dutifully buys and reads it. The Stephenson Biographies are of a higher type, but though they are very good memoirs of very remarkable and worthy men, they are not without the disfigurement of that peculiarly maudlin sermonizing which distinguishes all Mr. Smiles's writings. "The Lives of the Early Engineers," "The Lives of Boulton and Watt," and the Industrial Biographies have been much less successful than the works to which we have just alluded. Yet they have been in the main far better as literary productions. Mr. Smiles's latest venture is an improvement on anything he has yet done, and though his common faults are not absent, are indeed apparent enough in it, it deserves a success which, by reason of its very merits, we fear it has no chance of attaining. The subject breaks ground that may almost be called fallow. Many chapters of English history, and these not the least interesting or important, are for the first time written, with the care and breadth they deserve, by Mr. Smiles. They are presented to us, it is not perhaps needless to observe, in a portly and admirably-printed volume, enriched with a good index.

When Englishmen talk of the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon element in the nation, they ignore, generally, the astonishing intermixture of breeds from which the England of our time has sprung. Or if they take into account any of the imported blood, it is only the far-away Danish and Norman ancestry that is spoken of. Yet it is a matter of certainty, that, with a few trifling and local exceptions, neither Danes nor Normans mingled, to a modifying extent, in the making of the English people. What radical changes we have undergone, have been of later origin, by some centuries, than the invasion of the Norman William. And perhaps if we were to inquire, we should find that we owe more in the way of a regenerated blood, as well as in the way of a regenerated State, to the invasion of the Dutch William. Not at all, however, that we would date the largest admixture of the Continental element into our insular nationality from the Revolution. So long ago as the reigns of the Edwards, it had been the policy of the most sagacious English rulers to encourage the settlement, in the petty towns of England, then a strictly agricultural nation, of the industrious, enterprising, inventive Flemings of the Low Countries. But in those early times men were stationary in their habits of living, and it was but a small number of Flemish exiles who could be tempted across the sea. A more powerful motive was needed to set in motion the tide of emigration from the Continent to the hospitable coasts of Britain, and to establish among the slow, tradition-loving people of this country, novel, industrious, and strange methods of existence.

This motive, in a very potent form, was supplied by the great religious awakening of the sixteenth century, and its social and political consequences. Between the commencement of Henry VIII.'s reign and the commencement of Anne's—a period of not quite two centuries—a complete transformation, and of its kind a remarkably rapid one, had been wrought in the constitution and character of England. The metamorphosis is very marked in literature, in philosophy, in political theory, and, allowing fully for the exterior change of the time and for what is vaguely called the advance of civilization, there remains much to be accounted for. An internal change had been developed. Whence did this originate? It would be a problem far too complex for us to resolve, to distribute the determining forces of this change; but it may be admitted, roughly speaking, that a great part of it was due simply to a physical phenomenon, the infusion into the national life of an

immense body of exiles exceptionally thoughtful, earnest, devoted, and at the same time all, or nearly all, distinguished for energy in business and practical talent. Mr. Smiles, in his preface, directs attention to the fact very often misconceived or overlooked, that there were at least two waves of immigration which poured into England during the period we have named above as that of transmutation, and that both of these, though distinct in point of time and place of origin, arose from the same causes, and were the issue of the Reformation struggles. The first wave poured across the Channel and the German Sea during the latter years of the sixteenth century; it was driven on by the first outburst of Catholic vengeance in France and the Netherlands, by the persecutions to which the politic bigotry of Catherine de Medicis urged her unhappy sons, the last princes of the House of Valois, and by the frantic efforts of Philip II., and Alva and Alexander of Parma, to keep the Flemings true to the Papacy. In France the persecution raged for forty years with slight intermission, and with a savage brutality of which the deeds of St. Bartholemew are but an insignificant example. But just as the century closed they ceased; for in 1598 Henry IV. put forth the Edict of Nantes. In the Netherlands the conflict ended differently. Philip triumphed; and though the resolute genius of William the Silent wrested the seven provinces from his grasp, the Spanish arms and Spanish policy in the State and Church were victorious in Flanders. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. It conquered and crushed the Reformation among the Flemings, but at the same time it dealt a death-blow at the industry which had made Antwerp, and Ghent, and Bruges wealthy and famous. The glory of these once great and free cities passed away. Their best artisans, their weavers and tanners and lacemakers, their cloth-workers and dyers and ironfounders, sought a shelter and a home beyond the narrow seas. Thither had gone before them "the conquered of Montcontour and of Jarnac," the gallant Huguenot gentlemen who fled with their wives and children from the tyranny of the Medicis and her sons, and the fervid bigotry of the Guises. All that was noblest and most enduring in the followers of "The Religion," in France or Flanders, went to enrich and strengthen the England of Elizabeth.

This was the first great wave that rolled from the Continent to the British coast. Mr. Smiles tells the story of its advance, and pause, and cessation, with much liveliness and vigour; but he reserves the greater part of his space and his enthusiasm for the later persecutions, from which sprung the second wave of immigration. When the health of Louis XIV., undermined by debauchery, and oppressed with the cares of a failing policy, began to break down, he fell under the control of Madame de Maintenon, who was bound by the closest ties of interest and faith to the Church and the Jesuits. This woman's grand ambition was to become Louis' wife, and to buy over the priestly governors of the King to consent, she offered a bribe against which even Bossuet and Massillon were not proof—the suppression of the Huguenot heresy, which, under the privileges granted by Henry IV. had flourished once more in France. The compact was made and carried out. On the 22nd of October, 1685, the Edict of Nantes, the great charter of "The Religion" in France, was revoked, and on that day, or a few days after, Scarron's widow became the consort of Louis le Grand. The Church was exultant. "At the first blow dealt to it by Louis," said Massillon, "heresy falls, disappears, and is reduced either to hide its head in the obscurity whence it issued, or to cross the seas, and bear with it into foreign lands its false gods, its bitterness, and its rage." This was but the truth. The persecution raged, and the exodus drained away the life-blood of the nation. Scholars, literary men, soldiers, nobles, farmers, artisans, peasants—all who valued liberty of conscience—shook French dust from their feet, and sought freedom under alien rule. Some betook themselves to the States of the House of Brandenburg, and helped to build up that Prussian monarchy which now frets France with envy and fear. Holland received others, and gave her printing-presses to the service of the sceptical genius of Bayle. But England welcomed most, and was not ill-repaid. It was little that the flower of the Huguenot soldiery fought bravely for English freedom under Schomberg and Ruvigny in the armies of William of Orange. It was much more than this that the bigotry of Louis XIV. gave us. To the Huguenots we owe the Spitalfields' silk trade, established also at Norwich and Canterbury; the best part of the paper-making trade, the glass trade of Southwark, the lace-making of the midland counties, and the linen trade of the north of Ireland.

In Ireland, indeed, the Huguenots were very widely diffused; many streets and public places in Dublin and Cork bear witness to their enterprise. In the Liberties of the former city, the

\* The Huguenots, their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Self-Help," "Lives of the Engineers," &c. London: John Murray.



La Touches, now distinguished Irish bankers, commenced the manufacture of the material known as "tabinet" or "Irish poplin" about the year 1693. Somewhat later, Louis Crommelin, at the invitation of King William, established the manufacture of linen in Antrim.

The prevalence of French names in all the three kingdoms, sometimes disguised slightly, is a proof of the wide extension of the Huguenot settlements. In Ireland, Saurin, Lefanu, Lefroy, Perrin, and others, are well known. In England, the same names and others are common. Martineau, Faber, Pusey, Bouverie, Hugessen, Delane, Grote, Lefevre (often translated Smith, as it is, according to Mr. Smiles, in the case of Sir Culling Eardley Smith's family), Trench, Chenevix, Thelusson, Romilly, Labouchere, Crespigny, Du Cane (Du Quesne), Paget, Vandeleur, and a host of others, distinguished in literature, politics, the Church, or the law, are traced by Mr. Smiles to a Huguenot origin. In fact, as we read, the single idea with which we are impressed is that Anglo-Saxonism is a delusion, and that all Englishmen are Frenchmen.

#### MR. SALA ON THE PARIS EXHIBITION.\*

THERE is no one of our modern English writers so distinctively a man of the world as Mr. G. A. Sala. By "man of the world" we do not mean the elegant creature who generally assumes the title—the helpless dandy who has no more breadth of sympathy and just about the same intellectual wants as a respectable chimpanzee, who is in the habit of "travelling all the world over and many a place besides" without altering in the least the complexion and hue of his amorphous and foggy notions of things in general. A man of the world like Mr. Sala has had his insular angles rubbed down; he has learnt an invaluable habit of unprejudiced comparison, and he has acquired a knowledge of men and facts which it is not given to any man to obtain from books. We believe, therefore, that Mr. Sala was created by nature a special correspondent; and that, in descriptive writing, as it is called, he has found his proper business in life. We do not at all think it necessary for him to apologize for his calling. The special correspondence of a newspaper may be no very highly intellectual product; but it is, at all events, a species of literature which commends itself to a large number of readers whose imagination would, without it, remain practically inoperative. We could well spare Mr. Sala's replies to his critics. It ought to be enough for him to know that what he writes is readable and amusing—and of how many writers in contemporary journalism can we say the same? That is the trashiest of criticism which abuses a man for not being other than he is. We have had occasion before now in these columns to remonstrate with Mr. Sala for one or two gross instances of bad taste which he has perpetrated; but we did not think it imperative to quarrel with him because he does not write with the dulness of such a philosopher as "A. K. H. B." If we do not demand from him a new theory about the lake-dwelling era, a profound disquisition on the "Niebelungenlied," or an inquiry into the results of trade-protection in America, we shall find him possessed of a vast fund of general information with which he decorates his elaborate essays on nothing in a highly ingenious way. We fancy that, on the whole, Mr. Sala writes best upon nothing—writes best when he is absolutely untrammelled by any definite subject. Then he needs no apology for introducing such anecdotes, bits of personal experience, quaint quotations, and illustrative stories, as may occur to him; and out of the miscellaneous compound we have a result which is sufficiently pleasant. Mr. Sala is to be distinguished from most special correspondents in that he does not permit you to go to sleep.

Now the present volume is the most business-like book which Mr. Sala has issued. It is terribly matter-of-fact. It impresses one with as painful a sense of seriousness as did the Exhibition which it describes. Whosoever wants information about that wonderful and wonderfully dreary building, accompanied by a concise and vivid a description of the place as is likely to be got, will really find both in Mr. Sala's present volume. At the same time, it must be confessed that the Homer of the *Daily Telegraph*—one cannot speak of that extraordinary paper without coupling with it some classical name or other—occasionally snores loudly. With such a theme as "Burglar-proof Safes," who could be particularly brilliant and lively? On the other hand, Mr. Sala has evidently chosen for topics those branches of industry with which he is best acquainted. We can hardly say whether he or Mr. Yates writes most learnedly on furniture; Mr. Yates, we fancy, is more

scientific, and Mr. Sala more picturesque in his treatment. The essay on furniture in the present volume is quite exhaustive, and so is that on carpets and tapestry. That on English newspapers and books—how astonished must the French have been by the mechanical genius of the English in this section!—is not specially lively, but it has its serious applications. The collection, says Mr. Sala, "was very much laughed at, but I hold it to have been most interesting and most instructive." And so do we. If any man had devoted a considerable portion of his life to reading through the collection, and to the perusal of the books whose title-pages were exhibited there, we wonder if he would have arisen with the conviction that "the great body of English literature and journalism was as healthy as its best friends could desire?" He would at least have been in a fit condition to write an article on the modesty of English female novelists—that is, if he had the audacity to compose an essay on a purely hypothetical, not to say mythical, subject. Mr. Sala's chapter on glass is very good in its way, and luckily digresses from the immediate specimens seen at the Exhibition to the general characteristics of the glass of all nations. But what is this we hear about Prague?—"Physically, too, the Czech capital is wondrously quaint—full of colours and strange costumes, more than half mediæval, and odd particoloured Gipsy ways." But for the occasional flaunting blue and red ribbons of a Jew girl in the Belvedere gardens, Prague would be the dullest-dressed capital in Europe, excepting, perhaps, Berlin; and her beggars, instead of having any trace of the particoloured Gipsy ways of the stage, are the dingiest and most prosaic men and women who ever held out their hand for a krentzer. We agree with Mr. Sala about the Prater of Vienna; but the picturesqueness of Prague certainly does not lie in the shabby black of her Jewish brokers or the dingy grey of her German booksellers and watchmakers. Mr. Sala displays an almost superhuman erudition in the matter of jewellery and goldsmith's ware—whether evolved from his moral consciousness or obtained from the English jewellers whose names appear plentifully in these pages, we do not know. And in his description of the distribution of the prizes, he breaks away from the technicalities of his task to give us one of those pictures which he has a special knack of presenting.

After all, when we place this volume in our library, we are glad to have done with the Paris Exhibition. It was the biggest nuisance of last year. It haunted us in newspaper-columns until the breakfast-hour became a torture. It bored us in ordinary conversation until we wished that General von Moltke had laid plans for its removal just before the opening day. It drew too many of us away from our peaceful sojourn in the south, and irritated lovers of Paris by showing them their mistress as a mere chaffering huckster, greedy, insatiable, and hideous. One good thing it probably did, and that was to prevent the war which otherwise seemed inevitable between Prussia and France. The Emperor could not afford to disgust his faithful Parisians by ruining their hopes of a general raid on the pockets of the nations of Europe; and this assuredly he would have done had he then attempted to silence the needle-gun with the Chassepot. Was the prevention only a postponement? Three months hence France will be in a much fitter position to take the field against Prussia than she was when this cumbrous toy of an Exhibition hung round her neck. In the mean time, Mr. Sala's book ought practically to close the Exhibition for us. They who have any special interest in remembering its history and configuration will here find plenty of material to refresh their memories; and not a few of the English exhibitors will discover their names emblazoned in these pages, handing them down to such future generations as the book may reach. Mr. Sala has, on the whole, done his work conscientiously and well, and his notes and sketches will be found to be the most readable history of the undertaking which has yet been published.

#### THE MAD FOLK OF SHAKESPEARE.\*

THE world of Shakespeare is so much larger, nobler, and more beautiful than that in which any man of ordinary intellect and experience lives and moves, that we are not surprised at the number of careful and intelligent students who have written about the former in preference to the latter. And not the least remarkable feature of the case is the fact that when a man comes to the task prepared with any special knowledge, he finds in Shakespeare ample material on which to work, so comprehensive in character and action are these dramas. A

\* Notes and Sketches of the Paris Exhibition. By G. A. Sala. London: Tinsley Brothers.

\* The Mad Folk of Shakespeare. Psychological Essays. By John Charles Bucknill, M.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.



notable instance is before us in a work which we are glad to see has reached a second edition. Dr. Bucknill, charged with experience derived from "the constant care of six hundred insane persons," begins to study the psychological phenomena described in Shakespeare's writings, and remarks, in the case of Lear, "Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases the more carefully we study his works; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which would make the reputation of a modern psychologist." Dr. Bucknill's analyses of the mental derangement exhibited by Macbeth, Hamlet, Ophelia, King Lear, Timon, Constance, Jacques, and Malvolio, are based upon an esoteric criticism, which furnishes material for a series of admirably thoughtful and informing essays. We cannot help thinking, however, that Dr. Bucknill has a hankering after the sublimation of fact into theory, and that he would fain credit Shakespeare with a knowledge of scientific principles where the mighty dramatist was working solely upon the results of observation. Let us take an instance. Dr. Bucknill is struck with wonder at the singular knowledge displayed by Shakespeare of the moods of a reasoning melancholiac. These mentally troubled persons existed in Shakespeare's time as they exist now; and to say that Shakespeare has, with a wonderful fidelity, described what we now define as reasoning melancholia, is only to say that he anticipated the faithfulness of modern study without anticipating the modern habit of definition. It may be doubted whether psychology has done anything beyond classifying mental phenomena; the causes of these phenomena remaining as much occult now as in the days of Elizabeth. That the results of mental derangement were virtually classified at that time is proved by Dr. Bucknill himself when he points out the singular consistency which marks the insanity of certain of Shakespeare's characters. The popular notion that a man is mad only when he shows himself a raving maniac is a vulgar error which could never have been accepted by a mind so profoundly observant and critical as Shakespeare's. We find, therefore, that in his dramas hallucination, mania, melancholy, and incoherent insanity are as accurately distinguished as the passions of regret and remorse, or hatred and revenge. Dr. Bucknill has taken much pains to show that each form of mental derangement has its consistent phenomena. "The laws of the genesis of thought," he says, "are not abrogated in insanity: they only differ from those of the healthy mind, as the physical laws of pathology differ from those of physiology."

Of these essays we much prefer Macbeth and King Lear, which are strikingly original. Timon of Athens is, in a lesser degree, also worthy of patient study. Hamlet, which is perhaps Dr. Bucknill's most laboured effort, we do not so much admire, perhaps because it is hardly possible for mortal man to say anything new about a subject which has been so often pounded in the mortar of criticism. His view of the matter is, that Hamlet's madness was decidedly feigned, and is to be distinguished from the reasoning melancholia which was natural to the prince. That Hamlet, especially as he draws near to the attempted accomplishment of a hateful duty, is one of those who "see all things as they are, but feel them as they are not"—which is the author's description of a reasoning melancholiac—we think Dr. Bucknill clearly establishes. He dismisses Goethe's picture of the "good feeble young gentleman," who was burdened with a duty he could not perform, in a rather summary way. He says, "it is not the greatness of the action which is above the energy of his soul, but the nature of it which is repulsive to its nobility. If Hamlet must be compared to a vase, let it not be to a flower-pot, but to that kingly drinking-cup whose property it was to fly to pieces when poison was poured into it." Dr. Bucknill's diagnosis of Macbeth's mental aberration is really a fine piece of criticism, and is worthily accompanied by his study of Lady Macbeth. As a clever piece of inferential criticism, we may cite his protest against the ordinary Lady Macbeth of our stage and pictures. He maintains that she was no "Scandinavian amazon, the muscles of whose brawny arms could only have been developed to their great size by hard and frequent use," but "a lady beautiful and delicate, whose one vivid passion proves that her organization was instinct with nerve-force, unoppressed by weight of flesh. Probably she was small; for it is the smaller sort of women whose emotional fire is the most fierce, and she herself bears unconscious testimony to the fact that her hand was little. The drama contains many indications that to outward appearance she was gentle and feminine." Our author's tracing of the development of insanity in King Lear offers a very different view from that taken by ordinary critics. "The literary critics of Shakespeare," he says, "have completely overlooked the early symptoms of Lear's insanity,

and, according to the custom of the world, have postponed its recognition until he is running about a frantic, raving maniac." Elsewhere Dr. Bucknill speaks of the efforts made by relatives of an insane person to conceal his insanity. "Accepting the ignorant and wicked opinion that disease of the brain is disgraceful, they give grounds to others for holding this opinion by the sacrifices they are willing to make that the existence of insanity in the family may be concealed." In "Lear" he points out that not only are kings specially subject to insanity from the peculiarities of their position, but that the existence of its incipient stages is generally hidden from public view. "The very first king by divine appointment went mad. What are the statistics of insanity among crowned heads? Who can tell? About half a century ago, one-fourth of the crowned heads of Europe were insane, those of Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and England. But often the chariot of government may be kept in the ruts of routine long after the guiding mind is obscured. With trembling hands, royal servants and kinsfolk hold a veil before the piteous spectacle." Frederick William of Prussia he takes to have been an undoubted maniac, and shows his vagaries of conduct to have been the result of mental unsoundness. "And why," he asks, "should not Mr. Carlyle make a hero of his mad king, who is also a dumb poet polishing to perfection practical unspoken stanzas, as that of his giant regiment, which might irreverently be called one of his delusions? Why not? Since Schiller has made a beautiful, all-perfect hero from the materials of an insane prince—Don Carlos—who in this country and in private station might have found his way to the criminal wards at Bethlehem, to whom, in fact, the sharp remedy of assassination had to be applied, as to Muscovite Paul. Why not? except that poetry and history are rather different things." Dr. Bucknill maintains that King Lear's mind is unsound from the first, and certainly he advances much proof to substantiate his opinion. Apart from this, his analysis of Lear's particular form of insanity is admirable, and forms, to our thinking, the best portion of a generally excellent volume. We can but recommend the book to those of our readers, who have not hitherto met it, as a piece of patient, sound, and thoughtful criticism.

#### IRISH HISTORY.\*

It is much to be regretted, in the interests both of England and Ireland, that the study of Irish history is so utterly neglected as it is in this country. Without a knowledge of that history it is impossible to understand the true nature of the relation in which we stand towards Ireland, or to appreciate properly the idiosyncracies of her people, their wants, and their wishes. Yet, since we have taken upon us to govern that kingdom, it is clearly our business to make ourselves acquainted with these particulars. Every nation has its peculiar genius, with which it is the plain duty of its legislators to make their laws harmonize. Unless they do so they must be prepared to see those laws set at defiance wherever there is not an overwhelming force to compel obedience. And, however wise their enactments may be under other circumstances, they will prove to those subjected to them, far from being beneficial, the fruitful source of misery and suffering. Hitherto the policy we have pursued in Ireland has been to make the people conform to the laws, not the laws to the people. It is high time now that we should try the effect of the contrary course, for that policy certainly has not been very successful. On the contrary, we have arrived at a crisis when all parties amongst us are forced to admit that something must be done to conciliate Ireland. But unless this something be such as will satisfy the Irish people—such as will remove at least the worst of the grievances of which they complain, and concede to them their most pressing demands, it may but add to our difficulties. Many measures which we intended in good faith for their benefit have had this result for want of acquaintance with their real feelings. And this acquaintance we can acquire only by studying the circumstances in which they had their origin. Unfortunately, however, both for Ireland and England, Irish history has but few students in this country. The reasons why it has not are obvious. Irish history is not in itself very interesting. And a conquering people generally looks with contempt upon those they have subdued without imperilling their own existence. At only one period has an Irish war really endangered the safety of English institutions. And in that case the danger was too short-lived to leave any lasting impression. Then there exists a very general fear that

\* An Illustrated History of Ireland. With Historical Illustrations by Henry Doyle. London: Longmans.



the study of Irish history may perpetuate Irish disaffection. There is no doubt, indeed, that our conduct towards Ireland has until recently been shocking to humanity, and that the record of our misdeeds must rouse in every generous breast feelings of reprobation. But surely a sentimental hostility like this is not to be weighed for a moment against the advantages that would accrue from a widely diffused knowledge of Irish history. The high-handed proceedings of Edward I. in Scotland, and the incessant warfare in which the Scotch were engaged against the Southrons down to the union of the two crowns do not prevent them from being intensely loyal, while taking a just pride in their history. If we make the Irish satisfied with their present condition, we need not fear their brooding over bygone persecutions and oppression. Depend upon it, there is more discontent engendered by one eviction than by all the histories that have ever been published. But as potent a cause for the neglect, perhaps, as any, is the manner in which Irish history has been written. The works which purport to be histories of Ireland are, for the most part, but huge political pamphlets,—even when not disfigured by wilful misrepresentations, too generally unrelieved by wit, learning, or originality. That this should be the case has often excited surprise, but the explanation is obvious, and simple enough. Until quite a late date Gaelic was the language of the Irish people, and in it they possessed records of the past life of their country, unsurpassed for excellence by the contemporaneous annals of any other nation. The English-speaking people of Ireland were foreign colonists, and when they undertook to write the history of the country in which they had settled, their object was, above all things, to impress upon England, the necessity of maintaining their own ascendancy. To combat the assertions of writers of this class was the motive which first induced the native Irish to undertake historical composition in English. This was a very natural and very proper motive to actuate O'Connor, Curry, and the other Irish historians of last century. But, surely, it is time that their successors should drop the character of apologists, and assume their own proper rôle. There is no occasion why they should be eternally defending their country. That is best done by telling her story truthfully and with spirit. If their works are to have a wide influence they must display more of the qualities which are prized in a historian, and load their pages less with controversy. To the generality of readers nothing is more tiresome than polemical discussion. In a history, especially, its proper place is the notes.

We cannot say that the work which is the subject of our present notice is calculated to supply what has long been wanted—a good history of Ireland. It is, in the first place, too sketchy. It skims over the surface rather than relates events. The time is hardly yet come, perhaps, for producing a really good history of Ireland. The native sources of that history are but just beginning to be generally known—many of them have been brought to light only within these few years. They have not yet been subjected to that searching criticism necessary to establish their real value. And the State papers are but now being calendered. A historian, therefore, unless he were a man of very extraordinary abilities, indeed, of unremitting industry, and with unlimited leisure at his command, could scarcely hope to deal with the whole subject of his country's story. But we are by no means sure that the author of the work before us is possessed of the critical acumen necessary for treating even of one period. The historian who, accepting the Biblical account of the Flood, seriously argues the credibility of an Ante-Noachian colonization of Ireland, will scarcely satisfy the scepticism of the present day. Nor is he quite free from the partisanship which detracts from the worth of so many Irish historical works. No well-informed man now doubts that Ireland enjoyed a very high degree of civilization when the rest of Europe, out of Greece and Italy, was plunged in darkness. But it was a peculiar civilization, which this author fails to bring out prominently. Such as it was, too, it must have suffered grievously from the Danish incursions, continued through two centuries. In not dwelling upon this point, explaining, and, as far as possible, giving some measure of the retrogression, historians do injustice to the old Irish. When we read of elaborate political institutions, of world-famous schools, of brilliant feats of arms, and then all at once find that the country thus celebrated was overrun by a few hundred men-at-arms, we are tempted to reject the whole preceding history as fabulous. There is, however, really no room for incredulity. As well might we deny the civilization of ancient Persia, because it was conquered and permanently held by some thirty thousand Greek soldiers; or doubt the exploits of Charlemagne, his labours for the revival of learning, and his political institutions, because so shortly after his death his

descendant was compelled by the Northmen to cede Normandy to them, as refuse to believe that Brian Boroinhe expelled the Danes, that the schools of Armagh were crowded with students from England and the Continent, or that Assemblies of the States used to meet at Tara at the summons of the monarch of Ireland. Neither does it at all follow from the ease with which Ireland was overrun by Strongbow and his knights that the Irish had then relapsed into barbarism. The Italians were certainly superior to the French in all the arts of peace at the time of Charles VIII.'s invasion of Italy. Yet the French easily overran the Peninsula. The real cause of the downfall of Ireland was its utter social and political disorganization, consequent upon the growth of civilization, but hastened by the Danish invasions. This, however, the work before us entirely fails to show.

Yet we would not be understood to pass a sweeping censure upon this work. It does not enter into much detail, but what it contains is reliable, except in a few instances, especially in the very early portion, where his want of critical acumen leads the author into error. It is written, too, in a very pleasant, agreeable style, and will serve admirably as an introduction to fuller and profounder histories. The binding is exceedingly handsome, and the illustrations are very beautiful.

#### SWITZERLAND AND THE TYROL.\*

It would scarcely be possible to find two topographical books so widely differing in character as the volumes we have named below—the one full of vivacious, superficial description, the other crowded with coldly accurate facts. To any one acquainted with the district they describe, it would be furthermore very difficult to say which is the most satisfactory—the one recalling glimpses of well-known scenery and reminiscences of the common lot of travellers on the journey, the other giving him striking information about places and people which he had passed as being utterly void of interest. Mr. Morell's book is more properly a compilation—that sort of comprehensive compilation, done by an experienced, careful, and skilful hand, which is one of the greatest desiderata in modern literature. The book market, as we know, is overwhelmed with slipshod compilations, which are for the most part rough-and-ready extracts taken from any easy source, and these sources almost exclusively English. Whoever has had to study any scientific subject deeply must have been early made aware of the vast stores of information which are practically cut off from the ordinary English public by the unwillingness of scientific men to accept the thankless duties of a translator. Mr. Morell, however, has adopted the plan of simply incorporating into his various sections the results of the observations of foreign scientific men, sometimes with acknowledgment, sometimes without. The reader is, therefore, presented with a careful summary of the best known scientific data in regard to such matters as the geography, hydrography, and geology of Switzerland, while more or less useful lists of the flora and fauna are also given. The second part of the volume is devoted to a discussion of the various glacier theories and to an exceedingly interesting account of the meteorology of the country. The history of the discovery of the lake-dwellings might have been extended, we think, with advantage; as it is, however, Mr. Morell gives an epitome of all the facts ascertained with reference to these curious structures, and mentions the more important of the deductions which have been made from them. He gives a comparatively late date to the pile-settlements, suggesting the probability of the lake-dwellers having existed from one to two thousand years before Christ. We suspect, however, that in the mean time conclusions drawn from the recent discovery of the lake-dwellings are little better than guess-work, and that an alteration of a few thousand years in their date would be a mere postulate which few would care either to affirm or deny. It is considered certain, at least, that the lake-dwellers lived in an age subsequent to the glacial period, and that fact at once robs them of a great part of our interest. In the appendices to this volume, Mr. Morell enumerates a list of articles obtained from the pile-settlements which were exhibited in the Paris Exhibition; and altogether he has laboured to make this volume—which he modestly calls a guide—as complete as possible. Doubtless, in such a work it is scarcely possible to have avoided an occasional error or discrepancy; but these are not likely to be of a kind to lead the reader astray, and we can therefore commend the volume to all whose

\* Scientific Guide to Switzerland. By J. R. Morell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Pictures in Tyrol. By the Author of "A Voyage en Zigzag." London: Longmans.



interest in Switzerland has survived those brief periods of sojourn in the country which the ordinary tourist enjoys.

The author of "A Voyage en Zigzag" has clearly a double nature. One part of the present volume is as evidently written by a man as the rest is written by a lady. Indeed, there is almost a humorous contrast between the lively, genial, and womanly sketches which accompany certain of the drawings, and the grave, businesslike, and matter-of-fact narratives with which they are interpolated. On the whole, we prefer the lady as our travelling companion. She is always in good spirits, always clever and agreeable, always shrewd, observant, easily pleased, and charitable alike in her judgment and descriptions. He, on the other hand, has a terrible chronometer. He seems to spend his life with this awful weapon of discomfort in his hand. A whole day's pleasure is divided into seconds, as though it were a dead body under an anatomist's knife. "The beauty of the view," he remarks, at one point, "over the upper portion of the valleys on either hand, as well as of the glorious peaks which form their respective boundaries, induced us to linger till 5.40, when we proceeded down the short and easy glacier on the east slope, and quitted it at 6.15. At 6.30, finding an excellent stream and remarkably sharp appetites, we disposed of the remainder of our provisions; but time was precious, and at 6.45 we once more set forth." Who would climb a mountain, even with a view to the gratitude of the Alpine Club, if he were thus condemned to take notes of the quarter of an hour allowed for dinner? And why was not the writer a trifle more precise, when precision was the order of the day? Then we should have had some such entry as this:—"At 7.16 paused to wipe my forehead. Consumed 3.016 minutes in the transaction. Started again at 7.20." But, after all, when a gentleman is bent on science, and when he takes care to avoid worrying the lady members of his party with his chronometer, there is no harm in his displaying at least so much scientific method as goes to the measuring of time. Our little company of travellers seem to have had a pleasant journey, and apparently managed to wander into one or two charmingly out-of-the-way nooks. We find no fault with the lady topographer in that she devotes most of her time to describing, humorously enough, the discomforts of coarse sheets, cold beds, and rough roads. She is not only patient, but brave in the face of obstacles and privations which would frighten many a dainty English gentleman. We can even pardon an occasional "gush"—like that in which she talks of Victor Hugo as one "into whose unutterable greatness entire humanity is absorbed." If we are to find fault with her, it must be for the use of German where English would have done as well, or better. There are many quaint expressions used in the Black Forest and in the Tyrol which are characteristic and amusing, but of these we hear nothing. We have only "Mädchen" written in place of "girl;" "Stube" for "room;" "Kellnerin" for "waitress;" "Kutscher" for "driver," and so forth; words which suggest no local colouring whatever, unless written according to the barbarous pronunciation of the people. Generally speaking, the literary contents of the volume are rather above the average of ordinary gossiping books of travel; and there are certain accounts of feats in mountain-climbing which will interest those maniacs who climb for the mere sake of climbing. The little sketches scattered up and down the pages are the distinctive and most agreeable feature of the work. We have no means of knowing which of the two writers is the author of these clever and amusing drawings; but there is no doubt about their being the work of one who has a habit of accurate observation and much skill in the art of outline-drawing. There are some charmingly suggestive sketches of landscape, and not a few good studies of facial expression. Here and there we come upon bits of unmistakable carelessness, and occasionally we meet some instances of that characterless profile-drawing which is the pet amusement of schoolgirls; but, on the whole, the "Pictures in Tyrol" are prettily drawn, and the descriptive letterpress accompanying is readable. We need say no more to those who know the charming country which the book describes, for to them principally the volume is addressed. It will recall, faithfully and vividly, many a delicious morning and peaceful afternoon spent down in some of those quiet valleys.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Golden Sheaf.* Poems Contributed by Living Authors. Edited by the Rev. C. Rogers, LL.D. (Houlston & Wright.)

Of the writer of the preparatory essay, called "On the Poetic Art," to this volume, the editor says: "The reader will remark with pleasure

that one who has obtained so wide a celebrity as chief constructor of the navy is likewise entitled to rank as an ingenious critic." In spite of the editor, it is certain that, however well Mr. E. J. Reed may be able to build a ship, he does not know how to write an essay. Conscious of the immense amount of writing that has been devoted to the exposition of the Poetic Art, we turned to Mr. Reed's essay in the hopes of finding at least one or two new thoughts. Instead of novelty, however, we discover a curious ignorance even of those platitudes which small writers are so fond of advancing whenever they commence to talk of Poetry. Let the very first paragraph be taken as a fair sample of the whole:—"Is it true that the poet is born, not made? The converse proposition that the poet is made and not born is certainly not admissible. But there is much to be said in favour of an intermediate doctrine, namely, that the poet is both born and made. To be a poet at all, a man must undoubtedly be one by original endowment; but is it not equally true that your born poet has need to complete himself by study and labour?" There are twenty pages of this. The worst poem in this collection is that entitled "In the Pyrenees," where the lines are without music, the sentiments without novelty, and the subject without interest. The best is Mrs. Augusta Webster's "A Coarse Morning." These stanzas might have been written by Charles Kingsley. We regret to have the space only for quoting one verse:—

"Oh the yellow boisterous sea,  
The surging, chafing murderous sea!  
And the wind-gusts hurtle the torn clouds by  
On to the south through a shuddering sky,  
And the bare black ships scud aloof from the land.  
'Tis as like the day as can be  
When the ship came in sight that came never to strand,  
The ship that was blown on the sunken sand—  
And he coming back to me!"

If this book sells, it will be through the names of two or three of its contributors, not through its merits. The mediocrity of its verses is curious considering that it includes the names of Mackay, Watts, Bailey, and Alexander Smith. But then, Tupper has also written!

*Warne's Model Cookery and Housekeeping Book.* Compiled and edited by Mary Jewry. (Warne & Co.)

This is a capital book. It is a book which every young lady in the kingdom should be acquainted with. If matrimony were not so easy nowadays, we should like to suggest that before any lady can be looked upon as a proper person to become a wife she must first of all be able to pass an examination in "Warne's Model Cookery Book." More valuable to the husband than his wife's acquaintance with Chopin, than her deportment on horseback, than the length of her skirt, the size of her chignon, or her volubility on the topic of waltzing, would be her knowledge of a little of the contents of this volume. Crowded with suggestive plates, pregnant with instructions upon the subject of dishes, the very names of which, as they meet the eye, "do make the mouth to water," full of indications for the management of servants and of sights that best please the connubial gaze, "Warne's Cookery Book" may be recommended as one of the very best volumes upon an art, the adoption of which has rendered great the name of "Les Trois Frères," and exalted amongst men the ingenious Soyer. There is not a husband in the United Kingdom who does not owe a debt of gratitude to the editor and the publisher of this clearly printed and neatly illustrated book.

*Exercises in Idiomatic Italian.* By Maria Francesca Rossetti. (Williams & Norgate.)

There can be no better exercise for learning to speak a language than attempting to write it. So far we agree with Signora Rossetti; but we think it very inadvisable to write bad English in order to teach English people how to write Italian, and this is what she has done. She has translated very literally into the most absurd English a number of Italian anecdotes, and then requires the pupil to put them into Italian. Some of the titles of the anecdotes will exemplify what we mean, in which Signora Rossetti becomes a sort of unconscious Artemus Ward. Here are a few specimens:—"The Alma-giving Poor Woman, and the Poor-man who will not be so"; "The Beneficent Surprise"; "Love of the Subjects preferred to the Paternal"; "One Insensible to Pain (The Insensible) through Virtue." By the above ridiculous method of writing Italian English in order to teach English people Italian, Signora Rossetti has spoilt a good thing, viz., providing a number of easy anecdotes with notes facilitating their translation into Italian. We will never admit that we should murder one language in order to acquire another. Far better would it be, if this were really necessary, never to learn any foreign language at all.

*French Composition.* By Alfred Havet. (W. Allan & Co.)

This book is a collection of extracts of a familiar and practical description in English to be translated into French; an excellent exercise, to facilitate which many good books do not exist. The



extracts are accompanied by notes, but they are not very copious, as it is naturally expected that the student who attempts to write French has acquired a tolerable knowledge of the vocabulary and grammar of that language. The extracts seem to be very judiciously and carefully chosen. The only objection to the book is that it is comparatively of little value without another of the author's works, "Havet's Class-Book," as many of the notes are mere references to certain pages of that work.

*Scotland: Her Songs and Scenery.* (A. W. Bennett.)

This volume will be ranked amongst the most elegantly designed of the season. It was a happy thought to illustrate it by photographic views. The English reader is thus enabled to get a more graphic idea of the grand scenery of Scotland than could have been gained from the designs of the pencil, unless the best masters had been employed. Burns's Cottage forms a pretty frontispiece. The Pass of Glencoe is wonderfully faithful. Amongst the authors selected for illustration are Burns, Campbell, and Scott.

We have also received *The Hunting Grounds of the Old World*, by "The Old Shekarry" (Saunders, Otley, & Co.);—*Baldearg O'Donnell*, by the Hon. A. Canning (Newby);—*Natural Philosophy Popularly Explained*, by the Rev. S. Haughton, M.D. (Cassell);—*Family Worship*, by W. Wilson, Minister of Kipper (Nimmo);—*Life of St. Patrick*, by J. S. Smithson (Moffat);—Part I. *The Pupils of St. John* (Macmillan);—*Musical Directory* (Keith, Prowse, & Co.);—Part I. *Bible Animals*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (Longmans);—*Thirteenth Year's Report of the Anglo-Continental Society* (Rivingtons);—*More about Junius*, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. (Longmans);—*The Congé d'Elire*, by J. Sidney Tyacke, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*Wayfaring Men*, by the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A. (Macintosh);—*The Probable Weather in 1868*, by "B." (Laidlaw);—*Leaves from the Book and its Story*. No. 8. By "L.N.R." (Macintosh);—*The Cottage Artisan* (Religious Tract Society).

#### LITERARY NOTES.

BY THE TATLER.

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, it is said, is about to receive the honour of knighthood. Mr. Martin, who has already the happiness to fill an important and well-paid Government post, is, it will be remembered, the editor of the forthcoming second volume of Prince Albert's Biography, and has done literary service to the Queen in revising that Highland Journal of the domestic history of royalty which is about to appear. It is for this that he is to be knighted; and although he is a ripe German scholar, as his "Faust" will testify, and a good Latinist, as his "Catullus" will bear witness, we cannot regard the honour as one paid to literature. That, since the time of Addison, has never been recognised sufficiently in England. Sir Walter Scott received his baronetcy as a price for gratifying the curiosity of the Prince Regent, and the Indian service of "Tom" Macaulay had more to do with his barony than his History—which had just nothing; which is, indeed, about as much as had Lord Houghton's title to do with Monckton Milne's verses. In fact the time has at last come when State honours are rejected by learned men, and when all men look so coldly on them that Heralds' College starves for lack of fees. Alfred Tennyson has refused a baronetcy which rewards a rich timber-merchant, and others a knighthood which may fall to a successful grocer.

We mentioned that a new religious musical magazine would shortly see the light; we have now to announce the advent of a Protestant Church champion, the *Rock*, a penny weekly paper under distinguished patronage. The name is, we believe, fatally bad, and represents not a living paper, but a dead insurance or benefit society. The *Rock* is, we hear, to oppose Ritualism, Infidelity, and Romanism; it has, therefore, a glorious future and an arduous path before it. It must, to succeed, be conducted with vigour, learning, wideness, soundness, truth, and faith. "Not every man," said a great thinker, "is a fit champion for the truth." If the *Rock* lets itself be betrayed into those pitfalls of salacious Greek and obscene antiquarianism into which more than one Protestant champion has fallen, it will be worse than a defence—it will be an offence to the cause it defends. Its opponents are many and subtle, and we wish it God-speed, while we look with some doubt at its prospectus.

"The Renowned History of the Seven Champions of Christendom" has been republished by Mr. Tegg, in a complete form, from the old text of Richard Johnson (not the Arcadia Johnstoun). It is said that Shakespeare was indebted to some passages in this curious old romance. We regret that the re-issue should not have had the advantage of more careful editorial supervision, some injudicious verbal modernizations being observable. Men may find this book somewhat dry

reading, while boys will eagerly devour it. It is especially noteworthy as having a curious history and as combining almost all that we have of the Arturian legends in a connected scheme.

Penny readings are advancing even in London, and will soon be able to make head against more doubtful amusements. At Praed-street Chapel, under the direction of Mr. Henry Taylor, George MacDonald, M.A., Professor Plumtre of King's College, and Mr. Hain Friswell have already presided at and given very successful readings which are pleasantly and judiciously mingled with songs and duets by young ladies and gentlemen. The movement, which is wise, earnest, and without the slightest scintillation of sham, will bring home our best authors and poets to the hearts and minds of many who would else have been ignorant of them.

Mr. John McGregor's "The Voyage Alone, a Sail of 1,500 miles in a Yawl," has just been published. "Rob Roy's" life has not been without some striking incidents; and his recent adventures would seem to have added to them. Mr. McGregor is a barrister, we believe, and took honourable place at Cambridge among the Wranglers. He was saved, when a child, from the fire of the *Kent* Indiaman, being thrown into the boats by his father. Latterly he has devoted himself to Evangelistic efforts, both at home and abroad. He has been connected with the Ragged-school movement, the organization of the Shoe-black Brigade, and with the establishment of the Open-air Mission and the Pure Literature Society.

"Not so Bad" is the title of a new annual which has just appeared, edited by Mr. Hood. It presents an attractive list of contents, with some graphotype illustrations, about which the less said the better; the whole inclosed in a wrapper of great taste. The book really is "not so bad," seeing that it avoids the beaten track of the now hackneyed Christmas numbers. We believe it is the first new year's annual.

"The Pupils of St. John the Divine," by Miss Yonge, author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," is the first number of the "Sunday Library," issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Other volumes of the series announced as forthcoming are:—"Seekers after God: Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius," by Rev. F. W. Farrar; "St. Louis, St. Francis de Sales, Du Plessis, Mornay, and Calvin," by M. Guizot; "Alfred the Great," by Thomas Hughes, M.P.; "The Hermits," by Rev. C. Kingsley; "Hass, Wycliffe, and Latimer," by Rev. F. D. Maurice; "Sir Thomas More and his Times," by L. B. Seeley; "Wesley and the Religious Revival of the Eighteenth Century," by Julia Wedgwood; "St. Augustine and his Times," by Right Rev. W. Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe; and "Xavier and the Jesuit Missionaries," by the Rev. J. Taylor.

"Bad English" is the title of a new publication announced from the hands of Dean Alford's late antagonist, Mr. G. Washington Moon. We believe that he will take many of his illustrative examples from the leaders of the *Times* and the *Pall-Mall Gazette*—as Cobbett did of yore from royal speeches.

The irrepressible Mr. Wason is about to print "A Letter to Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, commenting with severe, yet truthful, accuracy upon the address of his lordship to the jury in the case of Wason v. Walter." He adds to the advertisement of this pamphlet the motto—"Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur." But what are we to conclude from the fact of no publisher's name being appended to the announcement?

The "Public Health" is the title of a new monthly review devoted to subjects which are indicated by its title. The first number appeared with a new year's date.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alford (Dean), *Meditations in Advent*. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Blanc (Dr.), *The Story of the Captives*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Burke's Peerage of the British Empire, 1868. Royal 8vo., 38s.  
 Calendar of State Papers: Henry VIII. By J. S. Brewer. Vol. III., Parts I. and II. Royal 8vo., 15s. each.  
 Dublin University Calendar, 1868. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Examination Papers, 1868. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. Vol. for Christmas, 1867. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Latham (W.), *The States of the River Plate*. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s.  
 Lover (S.), *Handy Andy*. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 ———, *Rory O'More*. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Malleon (Major G. B.), *History of the French in India*. 8vo., 16s.  
 Model Book of German and English Commercial Correspondence. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 ———, of English and German ditto. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac, 1868. 12mo., 6s.  
 Railway Library.—*Outward Bound*. Fcap., 2s.  
 Rogers (H.), *Essays from Good Words*. Fcap., 5s.  
 Simpson (G. W.), on the Production of Photographs in Pigments. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Smith (Dr. W.), *Initia Græca*. Part II. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Solly (H.), *Working Men's Social Clubs*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Springdale Abbey: Extracts from the Letters, &c., of an English Preacher. 8vo., 12s.  
 Stanley (Dean), *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. 8vo., 16s.  
 Subsidiaria Primaria. Part I. Steps to Latin. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 ———, Part II. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary. Edited by P. A. Nuttall. New edit. 12mo., 1s.  
 Ward (J.), *Workmen and Wages at Home and Abroad*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Year Book of Photography, 1868. Cr. 8vo., 1s.